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LOVE & HOPE

THE WORKS OF

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.r

COMPLETE

in six volumes,

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK
Printed by [illegible]
1825.

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EPISTLES, ODES,

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ΠΕΡΙΠΛΕΥΣΑΙ ΜΕΝ ΠΟΛΛΑΣ ΠΟΛΕΙΣ ΚΑΛΟΝ, ΕΝΟΙΚΗΣΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΗ ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΗ ΧΡΗΣΙΜΟΝ.

Plutarch. περι παιδων αγωγης.

TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

General in His Majesty's Forces, Master General of the Ordnance, Constable of the Tower, Etc.

MY LORD,

IT is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall therefore be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude, which I have here the honour to present.

I am, MY LORD,

With every feeling of attachment and respect, Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

27, *Bury Street, St. James's,*
April 10, 1830.

PREFACE.

THE principal poems in the following Collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression, which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie.* How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

* Epistles VI, VII et VIII.

I went to America, with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "intentata nites." Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "a freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse: and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the

Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and unexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride, of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface will not allow me to enter into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually, as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprized of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of

reasonable inducement, these poe
sibly would never have been subm
world. The glare of publication i
for such imperfect productions :
be shown but to the eye of friend
dim light of privacy, which is as
to poetical as to female beauty, a
a veil for faults, while it enhances e
which it displays. Besides, this i
riod for the idle occupations of
times like the present require talen
tive and more useful. Few hav
leisure to read such trifles, and
regret that I have had the leisu
them.

EPISTLE I.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE OFF THE AZORES,

By Moonlight.

SWEET Moon! if like Crotona's sage,*
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend!

Oh STRANGFORD! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!

* Pythagoras; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror. See *Bayle, Art. Pythag.*

Delicious days of whim and soul!
  When, mingling lore and laugh togethe
We lean'd the book on pleasure's bowl,
  And turn'd the leaf with folly's feather
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world!

And yet 'twas time—in youthful days,
To cool the season's burning rays,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose awhile in pleasure's spring,
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, the heart will freeze
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
  Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
  For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
  When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter hopes could bound along,
  Or pant to be a wanderer more!*

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,

* Alluding to these animated lines in the Carmen of this Poet:

> Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
> Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt!

thing as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
ıd lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
ı! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
ow we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
ıe sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
ently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
ıe only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,*
here dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
xults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

ow, could I range those verdant isles
Invisible, at this soft hour,
ıd see the looks, the melting smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
ıd could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,
ı! I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids.†

* Pico is a very high mountain on one of the
ores, from which the Island derives its name. It
aid by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.
† I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inha-
ants of the Azores are much addicted to gallantry.
is is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be
dited.

Dear STRANGFORD! at this hour, perhaps,
  Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they, who in their ladies' laps
  May cradle every wish to rest,)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
  These madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from rapture stole
  And gave, all glowing warm, to thine!*
Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
  And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
  Would make the coldest nymph his own!

But hark! the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells:—the middle watch is set;
Good night, my STRANGFORD, ne'er forget
That far beyond the western sea†
Is one, whose heart remembers thee!

* These islands belong to the Portuguese.

† From Capt. Cockburn, who commanded the Phaeton, I received such kind attentions as I must ever remember with gratitude. As some of the journalists have gravely asserted that I went to America to speculate in lands, it may not be impertinent to state, that the object of this voyage across the Atalantic was my appointment to the office of Registrar of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Bermuda:

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμος .....
..... με προσφωνει ταδι'
Γνωσκε τανθρωπεια μη σεβειν αγαν.
Æschyl. Fragment.

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour.
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
  In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
  The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I prayed of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
  That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
  I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him!

The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if Heaven
  Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
  My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
  Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
"Oh! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly eye
  "Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.

heard, there was in ancient days
Lyre of most melodious spell;
as heav'n to hear its fairy lays,
half be true that legends tell.

as play'd oh by the gentlest sighs,
nd to their breath it breath'd again
ich entrancing melodies
s ear had never drunk till then!

harmony's serenest touch
stilly could the notes prolong;
y were not heavenly song so much
they were dreams of heavenly song!

d the heart, whose murmuring air
long the chords in languor stole,
soothings it awaken'd there
ere eloquence from pity's soul!

f the sigh, serene and light,
as but the breath of fancied woes,
string, that felt its airy flight,
on whisper'd it to kind repose!

oh! when lovers talk'd alone,
mid their bliss the Lyre was near,
ade their murmurs all its own,
d echoed notes that heav'n might hear!

e was a nymph, who long had lov'd,
it dar'd not tell the world how well;
shades, where she at evening rov'd,
one could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
So oft, to make the dear-one bless'd,
Whom love had giv'n her virgin soul,
And nature soon gave all the rest!

It chanc'd that in the fairy bower
Where they had found their sweetest s
This lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung gently whispering o'er their hea

And while, with eyes of mingling fire,
They listen'd to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for his angel's brow!

And while the melting words she breath'
On all its echoes wanton'd round,
Her hair, amid the strings enwreath'd,
Through golden mazes charm'd the so

Alas! their hearts but little thought,
While thus entranc'd they listening la
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Should linger long, and long betray!

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurs grown
That other sighs unanswered stole,
Nor chang'd the sweet, the treasur'd t

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
To every passing lip that sigh'd;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
On every ear in murmurs died!

The fatal Lyre, by envy's hand
  Hung high, amid the breezy groves,
To every wanton gale that fann'd
  Betray'd the mystery of your loves!

Yet, oh!—not many a suffering hour,
  Thy cup of shame on earth was giv'n;
Benignly came some pitying Power,
  And took the Lyre and thee to Heaven!

There as thy lover dries the tear
  Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
Within his arms, thou lov'st to hear
  The luckless Lyre's remember'd songs!

Still do your happy souls attune
  The notes it learn'd, on earth, to move:
Still breathing o'er the chords, commune
  In sympathies of angel love!

TO THE FLYING-FISH.*

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,

* It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them; συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις υδος τα νηκτα. With this thought in our minds when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
The leaf with sweetness may be chill'd!
But hence, that gloomy thought! at last,
Beloved Kate! the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dies!
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe; far
From every wild elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world!
The warrior here in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there;
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes.

[ay shelter him in proud repose!
ope sings along the yellow sand
s welcome to a patriot land;
e mighty wood, with pomp, receives
stranger in its world of leaves,
ich soon their barren glory yield
he warm shed and cultur'd field;
he who came, of all bereft,
hom malignant fate had left
ome nor friends nor country dear,
home and friends and country here!
s the picture, warmly such,
ong the spell of fancy's touch
ainted to my sanguine eye
's new world of liberty!
t me not if truth will seal
eries of fancy's zeal,
y charmed eyes behold
tures of an age of gold—
alas! no gleaming trace!*
youth, who lov'd a face
rait's rosy flattering art,
more regret of heart,
owlet eye of grey,
ting pour'd the sapphire's ray,

antic works as "The American Far-
" and the account of Kentucky by
educe us into a belief, that innocence,
edom had deserted the rest of the
ha's Vineyard and the banks of the
nch travellers too, almost all from
otives, have contributed their share
of this flattering misconception. A
ry is however quite sufficient to
most enthusiastic prepossession.

Then I have felt, indignant felt,
To think the glorious dreams should melt;
Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
Have wrapt me to this wond'rous clime!
But courage; yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part,*
Till you have traced the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to freedom's fane,
And, though a sable drop may stain
The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
To doubt there's holiness within!
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
Can claim more interest in my soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole)
One word at parting: in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple notes I send you here,†
Though rude and wild, would still be dear,
If you but knew the trance of thought,
In which my mind their murmurs caught.
'Twas one of those enchanting dreams,
That lull me oft, when music seems

* Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived, the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

† A trifling attempt at musicial composition accompanied this Epistle.

To pour the soul in sound along,
And turn its every sigh to song!
I thought of home, the according lays
Respir'd the breath of happier days;
Warmly in every rising note
I felt some dear remembrance float,
Till, led by music's fairy chain,
I wander'd back to home again!
Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in warble soft!
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its murmurs tell,
Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
The tinge of joy when joy is fled,
And all the heart's illusive hoard
Of love renew'd and friends restor'd!
Now, Sweet, adieu— this artless air,
And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,*
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destined Isle,†
You shall have many a cowslip-bell
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
From which the gentle spirit drew
From honey flowers the morning dew!

* The poems, which immediately follow

† Bermuda.

TO CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

CONCEAL'D within the shady wood
  A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew, to cull her rustic food,
  The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her path-way rise,
  The mother roams, astray and weeping
Far from the weak appealing cries
  Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears; a light is seen,
  And gentler blows the night wind's bre
Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
  The baby may be chill'd to death;

Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
  Dim by death's eternal chill—
And yet, perhaps, they are not faded,
  Life and love may light them still.

Thus, when my soul with parting sigh,
  Hung on my hand's bewildering touch,
And timid ask'd that speaking eye,
  If parting pain'd thee half so much;

I thought, and, oh! forgive the thought,
  For who, by eyes like thine inspir'd,
Could ere resist the flattering fault
  Of fancying what his soul desir'd?

Yes—I *did* think, in CARA's mind,
  Though yet to CARA's mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
  One feeling, which I call'd my own!

Oh blest! though but in fancy blest,
  How did I ask of pity's care,
To shield and strengthen in thy breast,
  The nursling I had cradled there.

And, many an hour beguil'd by pleasure,
  And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,
  I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
  Haply, it yet a throb may give—
Yet no—perhaps, a doubt has kill'd it!
  Oh, CARA!—*does* the infant live!

TO CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
  We sigh'd to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us—hours as dear
  As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments! every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one!

'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelid is light,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
Oh Spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd
With her essence for ever my heart and my mind!
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
And exile and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my CARA is near,

That she comes with consoling enchantment
to speak,
And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is
nigh!

Sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And let fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, fancy, and CARA may smile for me still.

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

WHERE is now the smile that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope that brighten'd
Honour's eye and pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded,
Must the bay be pluck'd again

Passing hour of sunny weather
Lovely in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through the blessed isle:

And the eyes of peace would glisten,
  Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
  To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over?
  Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
  To the Desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
  Nymph so fair and guest so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
  Leaves behind a soothing light!

Soothing light! that long shall sparkle
  O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
  Shedding hope's consoling ray!
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
  To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
  Glory still will sigh for you!

To——— ———, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to fancy's power,
When her soft magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind;
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcom'd with a tear

In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguil'd
Can proudly still aspire to know
The feeling soul's divinest glow!
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone weary wanderer's heart;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
Believe it, Mary! oh! believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
When passion doth not first betray
And tinge the thought upon its way!
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever, to remember thee!
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still!
I'll take it, whereso'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way!
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And love shall lend his sweetest care,
With memory to embalm it there!

'Tis now the life breath of
And has become too pur

Take back the kiss, that fa
With all the warmth of t
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may
Upon *thy* lip its sweets wo
Or bloom to make a riva

Take back the vows that,
My heart receiv'd, I tho
Yet, no—allow them still t
They might some other he
As sweetly as they've ru

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

Anon.

La Poësie a ses monstres comme la nature.

D'Alembert.

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
"For a soul so warm and true;
"And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,*
"Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
"She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
"And her paddle I soon shall hear;
"Long and loving our life shall be,
"And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
"When the footstep of death is near!"

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he spec
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of re
Thro' many a fen, where the serpen
And man never trod before!

And, when on the earth he sunk to
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd th
And the copper-snake breath'd in
Till he starting cried from his drear
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky L
"And the white canoe of my dear

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bri
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear-one
And the dim shore echoed, for many
The name of the death-cold maid

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birche
Which carried him off from shore
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds w
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's ca
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight da
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

EPISTLE III.

TO THE

RCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D--LL

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D—LL.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY 1804.

Lady! where'er you roam, whatever beam
Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;
Whether you trace the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;*
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,
Where, many a night, the soul of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
And let its splendour, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illume my lay!

Yet, Lady! no—for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your dream divine;
Still, radiant eye! upon the tablet dwell;
Still, rosy finger! weave your pictur'd spell

* Lady D. I supposed, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened

† The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Oh! might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
And wondering Genius as he learn'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you!

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, stray'd
To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly magic plac'd
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?*
There as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
Breath'd from elysium through each shadowy form
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along!
Nor yet in song, that mortal ear may suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where virtue waken'd with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies!

* M. Gebelin says, in his Monde Primitif, "Lorsque Strabon crut que les anciens théologiens et Poetes placaient les Champs Elysées dans les isles de l' Océan Atlantique, il n' entendit rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers etherial and the spirit's clime

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
Sweetly awak'd us, and with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.*
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plantain shades, that like an awning twin'd
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing out welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene
Each wooded island sheds so soft a green,
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!

* Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St George. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, form all together the sweetest miniature of nature that can be imagined.

Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave; in every myrtle grove
Secluded, bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various grace,
Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,*
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad s fount.

Sweet airy being!† who, in brighter hours,
Liv'd on the perfume of these honied bowers,

* This is an illusion which, to the few who are fancifuil enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I never could turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

† Ariel. Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakspeare's Tempest, and that here he conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

t buds, at evening lov'd to lie,
with music every rose's sigh !
weak the magic of my humble strain,
n your spirit from its orb again,
for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
(whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
nm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
ıooth its feather and relume its dye,)
nt wander from your starry sphere,
he lime-tree grove that once was
ar,
ıy wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
kling grotto can delight you still,
: their fairest tint, their softest light,
ll their beauty into dreams of night,
e the lovely artist slumbering lies,
warm picture o'er her mental eyes ;
or sleep her own creative spells,
ghtly show what song but faintly
ls !

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

AD HARMONIAM CANERE MUNDUM.
Cicero de Nat. Deor. Lib. 3.

There lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreath'd,
Such as of old,
Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids
breath'd;
This magic shell
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sand of gold.
It bears
Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs,*

* In the "Histoire naturelle des Antilles," there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curacoa, on the back of which were lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them. "On le nomme musical, parce qu'il porte sur le dos des lignes noirâtres pleines de notes, qui ont une espèce de clé pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l' on dirait qu'il ne manque que la lettre à cette tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme (M. du Montel) rapporte qu'il en a vu qui avaient cinq lignes, une clé et des notes, qui formaient un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avait ajouté la lettre, que la nature avait oubliée, et la faisait chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air étate fort agréable." Chap. 19. Art. 11. The author adds, a poet might imagine that these shells were used by the syrens at their concerts.

The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight
music roll'd!
Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;
And, if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy dreams,
As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his
ear!*
And thou shalt own,
That through the circle of creation's zone,

* According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord. "Quam ob causam summus ille cœli stellifer cursus, cujus conversio est concitatior, acuto et excitato movetur sono: gravissimo autem hic lunaris atque infimus." Somn. Scip. Because, says Macrobius, "spiritu ut in extremitate languescente jam volvitur, et propter angustias quibus penultimus orbis arctatur impetu leniore convervitur." In Somn. Scrip. Lib. 2. Cap. 4. It is not very easy to understand the ancients in their musical arrangement of the heavenly bodies. See Ptolem. Lib. 3.

Leone Hebro, pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. "Non però manca fra loro il perfetto et reciproco amore: la causa principale, che ne mostra il loro amore, è lalor amicitia harmoniaca et la concordantia, che perpetuamente si trova in loro." Dialog. 2. di Amore, p. 58. This "reciproco amore" of Leone is the Φιλοτης of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his Love and Hate of the Elements, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in Laertius, Α λοτε μεν Φιλοτητι, συνερχομεν', κ. τ. λ. Lib. 8. Cap. n. 12.

Where matter darkles or where spirit beams;
From the pellucid tides,* that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,†
To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields;‡
Oh! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine!
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony!

* Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

† Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

‡ In the account of Africa which d' Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds. "Le même auteur (Abenzégar) dit, qu'il y a uncertain arbre, qui produit des gaules comme d'osier, et qu'en les prenant à la main et les branlant, elles font une espéce d'harmonie fort agréable," etc. etc. L'Afrique de Marmol.

Welcome, welcome mystic shell!
Many a star has has ceas'd to burn*
Many a tear has Saturn's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,†
Since thy aerial spell
Hath in the waters slept!
I fly,
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
Where she, who wak'd its early swell,
The syren with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,‡
Or guides around the burning pole
The winged chariot of some blissful soul!§

* Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns attended each by its system Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

† Porphyry says that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear. Την θαλατταν μεν εκαλει ειναι δακρυον. De Vit. and some one else, if I mistake not, has added the plannet Saturn as the source of it. Empedocles, with similar affectation, called the sea "the sweat of the earth:" ιδρωτα της γης. See Rittershusius upon Porphyry, Num. 41

‡ The system of the harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients, the Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian accounts, ἣ δε Λυρη ἐνταμιτος εωσα την των κινουμενων ἀστρων αρμονιαν συνεβαλλετο. κ. τ. λ. in Astrolog.

§ Διειλε ψυχας ισαριθμους τοις ἀστροις, ενειμε θ' εκαστην ἀστρῳ εκαστον, και εμβιβασας ὡς ΕΙΣ ΟΧΗΜΑ. Platon. Timaeus.

While thou!
Oh son of earth! what dreams shall rise for thee!
Beneath Hispania's sun,
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
Which I have warm'd with dews of melody;*
Listen!—when the night-wind dies
Down the still current, like a harp it sighs!
A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows!†
There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy languid brow,
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
Such—mortal! mortal! hast thou heard of him,‡
Who, many a night with his primordial lyre,§
Sat on the chill Pangæan mount,‖
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,

* This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles Tatius Ενει ποταμος * * * ην δε αυτοσαι θελης τα υδατος λαλουντος The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus, which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispania. "In Hispania quoque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu," etc etc.

† These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius. Εαν γαρ ολιγος ανεμος εις ταυ δινας εμπεσοι, το μεν ὑδωρ ως χορδη κρουεται. το δε πνευμα τα υδατος πληκτρον γινεται. το ρευμα δε ὡς ειθαρα λαλει. Lib. 2.

‡ Orpheus.

§ They called his lyre αρχαιοτροπον ἑπταχορδον Ορφεως. See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled "Hebdomades, sive septem de septenario libri" Lib. 4 Cap. 3. p. 177

‖ Eratosthenes, telling the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to

From which his soul had drunk its fire!
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast!
What pious ecstacy*
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
Whose seal upon this world imprest†
The various forms of bright divinity!

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,‡

go to the Pangæan mountain at day-break, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams. Εγεγειρομενος τε της νυκτος, κατα την ἑωθινην ἐνι το ορος το καλουμενον Παγγαιον, προσευμενε τας ανατολας, ἱνα ἰδη τον Ἡλιον πρωτον. Κατασερισμ. 24

* There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. As those which Justin Martyr has produced:

Ὁυτοι μεν χαλκειον ες ουρανον οσ῾ηρικται
Χρυσειω ἐνι θρονω, κ. τ. λ.

Ad Græc. cohortat.

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still it appears doubtful to whom we should impute them; they are too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers.

† In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

‡ Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy. Jamblich. de Vit. This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?
When free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of nature's fontal number,*
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!
Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
I swear
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,†
Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
Oh, mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams!

* The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called παγαυ αεναϋ φυσεως, "the fountain of perennial nature." Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very finely in his Sale of Philosophers.

† This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours. We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours and sounds. Οψις τε και ακοη, μετα φωνης τε κα φωτος τεν ἁρμονιαν επιφαινεοι De Musica.

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boetius, "Ut diadema oculis, varia luce gemmarum, sic cythara diversitate soni, blanditur auditui." This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. Lib. 2. Variar.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.*

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

ΚΕΙΝΗ Δ'ΗΝΕΜΟΕΣΣΑ ΚΑΙ ΑΤΡΟΠΟΣ ΘΙΑ Θ'ΑΛΠΙΛΗΞ, ΑΙΘΥΙΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΑΛΛΟΝ ΕΠΙ ΔΡΟΜΟΣ ΗΕΠΕΩ 'ΠΠΟΙΣ ΠΟΝΤΩ ΕΝΕΣΤΗΡΙΚΤΑΙ.

Callimach, Hymn. in Del. v. 11.

Oh what a tempest whirl'd us hither !†
Winds, whose savage breath could wither

* This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere, but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, and with the taste of such Madeira still upon his lips, "col dolce in bocca," could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosophist. See the travels of the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, Vol. 2.

† We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were

[illegible] in the midnight
And ev'n our haughty mai
The muse in that unlovely h
Benignly brought her soothi
And, midst the war of waves
In song's elysian lap'd my mi
She open'd, with her golden k
The casket where my mem
Those little gems of poesy,
Which time has sav'd from
Take one of these, to LAIS s
I wrote it while my hammock
As one might write a dissertat
Upon "suspended animation!

forced to lay-to in a gale of wind.
of war, in which I went, was built
cedar, and is accounted an excellen
was then commanded by my very
Captain Compton, who in July
aboard the Lilly, in an action with
teer. Poor Compton! he fell a victi
impolicy of allowing such a misera
Lilly to [illegible]

SWEETLY* you kiss, my LAIS dear!
But, while you kiss, I feel a tear
Bitter, as those when lovers part,
In mystery from your eye-lid start!
Sadly you lean your head on mine,
And round my neck in silence twine,
Your hair along my bosom spread,
All humid with the tears you shed!
Have I not kiss'd those lids of snow?
Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, when'er they meet—
Why is it thus? do, tell me, Sweet!
Ah, LAIS! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to night
Our last—go, false to heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!

* This epigram is by Paulus Silentiarius, and may be found in the Analecta of Brunck, Vol. 8. p. 72. But as the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinsius, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his Poemata.

Ἡδυ μεν εστι φιλημα το Λαιδοσ ἡδυ δεαυ των
Ηπιοδινητων δακρυ χεεις βλεφαρων
Και πολυ μαλιζ κατα σοβεις ευβοστρυχον αιγλην
Ημετερα κεφαλην δηρον ερεισαμενε.

Μυρομενην δ'εφιλησα· τα δ'ωπε δροσερης απο πηγες;
Δακρυα μ γνωμενων πιπτε κατα στοματων·
Ειπε δ' ανειρομενα, τινος ενεκα δακρυα λειβεις;
Δειδ ια μη με λιπης· εστε γαρ ορκαγατα.

The muse and I together sung,
  With Boreas to make out the trio.
But, bless the little fairy isle!
  How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile
  Serenely o'er its fragrant hills!
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth
Warm from the very lips of health!
Oh! could you view the scenery dear
  That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that nature lavish'd here
  Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live, and saints to die in!
Close to my wooded bank below,
  In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sun-beam proudly show
  The coral rocks they love to steep!*
The fainting breeze of morning fails,
  The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
  That languish idly round the mast.
The sun has now profusely given

* The water is so clear around the island, tl the rocks are seen beneath to a very great dep and as we entered the harbour, they appeared to so near the surface, that it seemed impossible should not strike on them. There is no necessi of course, for heaving the lead, and the negro pil looking down at the rocks from the bow of the sh takes her through this difficult navigation, with skill and confidence which seem to astonish some the oldest sailors.

The flashes of a noontide heaven,
And, as the wave reflects his beams,
Another heaven its surface seems!
Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
  So pictur'd o'er the waters lie,
That every languid bark appears
To float along a burning sky!

Oh! for the boat the angel gave*
  To him, who in his heaven-ward flight,
Sail'd o'er the sun's ethereal wave,
  To planet-isles of odorous light!
Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round!†
There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
  That pant around thy twilight car;
There angels dwell, so pure of form,
  That each appears a living star!‡

* In Kircher's "Extatic Journey to Heaven," Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of Asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestinam naviculam commoditati tuæ præparatam." Itinerar. 1. Dial. 1. Cap. 5. There are some very strange fancies in this work of Kircher.

† When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks "whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?"—"An aquis globi Veneris baptismus instituti possit?" to which the Genius answers "Certainly."

‡ This idea is father Kircher's. "Tot animatos soles dixisses." Itinerar. 1. Dial. Cap. 5.

These are the sprites, oh radiant queen!
  Thou send'st so often to the bed
Of her I love, with spell unseen,
  Thy planet's brightening balm to shed;
To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
  To give the cheek one rose-bud more,
And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
  Which had been, oh! too dear before!
But, whither means the muse to roam?
'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
Who could have ever thought to search her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and love to all your mansion!
  Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
  Mirth and song your board illumine!

Fare you well—remember too,
  When cups are flowing to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
  And oh! as warmly drink to him.

THE RING.

To ——— ———, 1801.

No—Lady ! Lady ! keep the ring ;
  Oh ! think how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
  May sleep within its holy sphere !

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
  Tho' love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd,
Yet heav'n will shed a soothing beam,
  To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye !
  Oh ! it doth ask, with magic power,
If heaven can ever bless the tie,
  Where love inwreaths no genial flower !

Away, away, bewildering look !
  Or all the boast of virtue's o'er ;
Go—hie thee too the sage's book,
  And learn from him to feel no more !

I cannot warn thee ! every touch,
  That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much,
  Oh ! quite as much, as thou dost mine !

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
  A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
  The light that leads my soul astray !

Thou says't, that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common sea
Oh, Lady! think, how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel!

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thou
Like day-beams through the morning
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there:

The sympathy I then betray'd,
Perhaps was but the child of art;
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thou hast not my virgin vow!
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I lived till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain,
For many a maid my soul hath prov'd
With some I wanton'd wild and vain,
While some I truly, dearly lov'd!

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To theirs hath been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a languid heart,
Which long hath lost its early spring;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And—keep the ring, oh! keep the ring

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again;
  What, still that look, and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
  Oh! no, beloved!—nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
  While thus our breaths commingling glow,
'Twere more than woman, to be wise,
  'Twere more than man to wish thee so!

Did we not love so true, so dear,
  This lapse could never be forgiven;
But hearts so fond and lips so near—
  Give me the ring, and now—Oh heaven!

To——— ———,

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

ΜΑΡΓΑΡΙΤΑΙ ΔΗΛΟΥΣΙ ΔΑΚΡΥΩΝ ΡΟΟΝ.
Ap. Nicephor. in Oneirocritico.

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
  Let weeping angels view it;
Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
  And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
  The lucid pearls around it
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
  The hour that love unbound it.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

———————vo cercand' io
Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui
La desiata vostra forma vera.
Petrarc. Sonnett. 14

Yes, if 'twere any common love,
That led my pliant heart astray,
I grant, there's not a power above
Could wipe the faithless crime away!

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
In every look so like to thee,
That, oh! beneath the blessed sun,
So fair there are but thou and she!

Whate'er may be her angel birth,
She was thy lovely perfect twin,
And wore the only shape on earth,
That could have charm'd my soul to sin!

Your eyes!—the eyes of languid doves
Were never half so like each other!
The glances of the baby loves
Resemble less their warm-ey'd mother!

Her lip!—oh, call me not false hearted,
When such a lip I fondly prest;
'Twas love some melting cherry parted,
Gave thee one half and her the rest!

And when, with all thy murmuring ton
They sued half open to be kist,
I could as soon resist thine own,
And them, heaven knows! I ne'er re

Then, scorn me not, though false I b
'Twas love that wak'd the dear excess
My heart had been more true to thee,
Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less!

To ——— ———.

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGAR.*

FILL high the cup of liquid flame,
And speak my HELIODORA's name!
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there,
It was but last delicious night,
It hung upon her wavy hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light!
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow;
It breathes of HELIODORA now!

The loving rose-bud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer, where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh!

* Εγχει, και παλιν ειπε, παλιν, παλιν, Ηλιοδωρας
Ειπε, συν αιρητω το γλυκυ μισγ' ονομα.
Και μοι τον βρεχθεντα μυροις και χθιζαν εοντα,
Μναμοσυνον κειναις, αμφιτιθει σεφανον·
Δακρυει φιλεραιον ιδε ροδον, ωνεκα κειναν
Αλλοθι π'ι πολλοις ἡμετεροις εσορα.
Brunck. Analect. Tom. I. p. 28.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

That sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil now
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in transport's young emotion,
I've stol'n, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To rapture's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still!

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep!

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure!
Oh most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round misery's brim.

Yes—*he* can smile serene at death:
Kind heaven! do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

ODES TO NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA TYPANNEI.
Euripid. Medea. v.

Nay, tempt me not to love again,
  There was a time when love was swee
Dear NEA! had I known thee then,
  Our souls had not been slow to meet!
But, oh! this weary heart hath run,
  So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not ev'n for thee, thou lovely one!
  Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, their pa
Or fetter me to earth again!
Dear absent girl, whose eyes of light,
  Though little priz'd when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
  As when they first enamouring shone!
How many hours of idle waste,
Within those witching arms embraced,

Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolv'd life's dream away!
O bloom of time profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly fled,
Yet sweetly too—for love perfum'd
The flame which thus my life consum'd;
And briliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim hours!

Say, NEA, dear! could'st thou like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander,
Coulds't thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never.
Till all my heart should burn with shame,
And be thine own, more fix'd than ever?
No, no—on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast:
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last!
NEA! the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not love again.

———TALE ITER OMNE CAVE.

Propert. Lib. IV. *Eleg.* 6.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
  Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
  Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where winding in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
  (As lovers steal to bliss)
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
  As though they did not kiss!

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
  The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
  No eye but nature's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
  All that we wish'd and thought;—
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal
'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
  But all that passion ought!

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that on the golden sand,
  Before us faintly gleam'd;
I rais'd it to your lips of dew,
You kist the shell, I kist it too—
  Good heaven, how sweet it seem'd!

O trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
  Could tangle me or you in!
Sweet NEA! let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
  Such walks will be our ruin!

You read it in my languid eyes,
  And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
  And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
  Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
  And look it all in silence still!

Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,
  To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
  And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
  You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
  As if to light your steps along!

Oh! how could others dare to touch
  That hallow'd form with hand so free
When but to look was bliss too much,
  Too rare for all but heaven and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
  How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
  And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turn'd,
  My soul forgot—nor, oh condemn,
That when such eyes before me burn'd
  My soul forgot all eyes but them!

I dar'd to speak in sobs of bliss,
  Rapture of every thought bereft me,
I would have clasp'd you—oh, even this—
  But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
  Forgive it, if, alas! you can.
'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
  'Twas all the best and worst of man!

That moment, did the mingled eyes
  Of heaven and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
  But you alone, but only you!

Did not a frown from you reprove,
  Myriads of eyes to me were none ;
I should have—oh, my only love !
  My life ! what should I *not* have done ?

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
  And trac'd that happy period over,
When love could warm the proudest sage,
  And wisdom grace the tenderest lover !
Before I laid me down to sleep,
  Upon the bank awhile I stood,
And saw the vestal planet weep
  Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of fancy's dream,
And, as I watch'd the playful stream,
Entangling in its net of smiles
So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there
  Were lighted by a Grecian sky—
As if I breath'd the blissful air
  That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh !

And now the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes imprest,
And still the bright and balmy spell,
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell !

I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene luxurious shade,*
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
  To polish virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playful doves
  Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness!†

'Twas one of those delicious nights
  So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
  And all is moonshine, balm and peace!
And thou wert there, my own belov'd!
And dearly by thy side I rov'd
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where beauty blush'd and wisdom taught,
Where lovers sigh'd and sages thought,
Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
  And all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
  To make the coldest learn to love!

* Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first Book, where those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his Antiquities of Athens, "Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Asomatos) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens: and Ampelos Kepos, or the Vineyard Garden; these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Chap. ii. Vol. I.

† This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Rerum Varietat. Lib. vii. cap. 34.

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
  To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
  Of love or luxury bloom'd around!
Oh! 'twas a bright bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers.
And scented and illum'd the bowers,
Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear the countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way!*
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
  Through which the soul is doom'd to roam,
When it has left this world behind,
  And gone to seek its heavenly home!
And, NEA, thou didst look and move,
  Like any blooming soul of bliss,
That wanders to its home above
  Through mild and shadowy light like this!

But now, methought, we stole along
  Through halls of more voluptuous glory
  Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
  Or wanton'd in Milesian story!†

* In Hercynio Germaniæ saltu inusitata genera alitum accepimus, quarum plumæ, ignium modo, colluceant noctibus. Plin. Lib. x. cap. 47.

* The Milesiacs, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See *Plutarch* (in Crasso) who calls them ασολασα βιβλια.

And, as they pass [illegible]

The onyx shone beneath tl
While others, waving arms o
Entwin'd by snakes of burnis
And showing limbs, as loth tı

Through many a thin Tar
Glided along the festal ring
With vases, all respiring spri
Where roses lay, in languor

* Some of the Cretan wine
calls οινος ανθοσμιας, from their f
that of the finest flowers. *Barry*

† It appears that in very spl
floor or pavement was freque
Martial: "Calcatusque tuo s
Epig. 59, Lib xii.

‡ Bracelets of this shape w
[illegible] among the women of a

And the young bee-grape,* round them wreathing,
Hung on their blushes warm amd meek,
Like curls upod a rosy cheek!
Oh, NEA! why did morning break
The spell that so divinely bound me!
Why did I wake! how *could* I wake
With thee my own and heaven around me!

WELL—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!
To-morrow, I sail for those cinnamon groves,
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may yet
Its seduction forgive and its splendour forget!
Farewell to Bérmuda,† and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its vallies perfume;

* Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, Lib. xiv. and "now called the Muscatell (a muscarum telis") says Pancirollus, Book i. Sect. 1. Chap. 17.

† The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words "still-vex'd Bermoothes," in the Tempest. I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have

May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller* h
stray'd!
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happe
to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads
thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the rev
were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the su
I have led thee along, and have told by t
way
What my heart all the night had been bur
ing to say—
Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to tho
times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of lime

been no less a personage than the great John B
mudez, who, about the same period, (the beginni
of the sixteenth century,) was sent Patriarch of t
Latin Church to Ethiopia, and has left us m
wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griff
which he encountered. *Travels of the Jesuites*, V
I. I am afraid, however, it would take the Pat
arch rather too much out of his way.

* Johnson does not think that Waller was ever
Bermuda; but the "Account of the European S
tlements in America," affirms it confidently. (V
II.) I mention this work however less for its a
thority, than for the pleasure I feel in quoting
unacknowledged production of the great Edmu
Burke.

' I were yonder wa ve, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground!

'I were yonder couch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it plac'd,
would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embrac'd!

'I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
would not yield a breath of thee,
To scent the most imploring air!

h! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that rosy sigh
or let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

hat glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
Upon the billows pour their beam
o warmly, that my soul could seek
Its NEA in the painted stream.

he painted stream my chilly grave
And nuptial bed at once may be,
ll wed thee in that mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee!

ehold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
ike NEA's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light!

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

TU POTES INSOLITAS, CYNTHIA, FE
NIVES!
Propert. Lib. i. El

No, ne'er did the wave in its element ste
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the d
Llke Hebe in Hercules' arms!
The tint of your bowers is balm to the ey
Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh
And the Snow-Spirit never comes her

The down from his wing is as white as
pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting
girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh fly to the clime, where he pillows
death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy t
breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the
gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!
Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly casts,
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here!
But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him!
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—
Fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

Ἐνταῦθα δὲ καθοχμίσται ἡμῖν. ὁ, τι μένοιμι μα τὴ νῆσον
οὐκ οἶδα· χιόνη δ'ἂν πρὸς κε ἐμὲ ὀνομαζοίνο.

Philostrat. Icon. 17. Lib. 2.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape* drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!

* The sea-side or mangrove grape, a native of the West-Indies.

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!
A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light, along the water's brim,
I steared my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, love had sent
This snowy bird of blandishment,
To lead me, where my soul should meet—
I knew not what, but something sweet!

Blest be the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by love,
To guide me to a scene so dear,
As fate allows but seldom here:
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
Which, like the aloe's* lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span!

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird repos'd his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom,
Oh vision bright! oh spirit fair!
What spell, what magic rais'd her there!

* The Agave. I know that this is an erroneous idea, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth;" τριττοστος απο της αληθειας.

'Twas NEA! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child,
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps!

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
It glanc'd around a fiery kiss,
All trembling, as it went, with bliss!

Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek, of vermil tinge,
Like the first ebon cloud, that closes
Dark on evening's heaven of roses!
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through their ivory lid,
And o'er her lip's reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some beloved saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath!
Was ever witchery half so sweet!
Think, think how all my pulses beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole—
Oh! you, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you to dream the bliss,
The tremblings of an hour like this!

Oh NEA! NEA where wert thou?
  In pity fly not thus from me;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
  And my soul dies of wanting thee!

A KISS A L'ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
  Within this simple ring of gold;
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
  Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
  Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's eternal lapse
  Should see it grace a lovelier maid!

Look, darling, what a sweet design!
  The more we gaze, it charms the more:
Come,—closer bring that cheek to mine,
  And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou see'st, it is a simple youth
  By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd—
Look, NEA love! and say in sooth
  Is not her hand most dearly plac'd!

Upon his curled head behind
  It seems in careless play to lie,*
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
  To bring his lip of nectar nigh!

*Somewhat like the symplegna of Cupid a
Pysche at Florence, in which the position

ıppy maid! too happy boy!
ɜ one so fond and faintly loath,
›ther yielding slow to joy—
, rare indeed, but blissful both!

.ne, love, that I am he,
l just as warm as he is chilling;
.ne too that thou art she,
: quite as cold, as she is willing:

.y we try the graceful way
vhich their gentle arms are twin'd,
hus, like her, my hand I lay
›n thy wreathed hair behind:

hus I feel thee breathing sweet,
›low to mine thy head I move;
hus our lips together meet,
l—thus I kiss thee—oh my love!

.....λιβανοτῳ εικασεν, ο'τι απολλυμενον ευφραινει.
Aristot. Rhetor. Lib. iii. Cap. 4.

ɛ's not a look, a word of thine
soul hath e'er forgot;
ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
iv'n thy locks one graceful twine
ich I remember not!

's hand is finely expressive of affection. See
seum Florentinum, Tom. ii. Tab. 43, 44. I
f very few subjects in which poetry could be
nterestingly employed, than in illustrating
f the ancient statues and gems.

There never yet a murmur fell
  From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
  Like something heaven had sung!

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
  All, all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl!—and yet,
To die were sweeter, than to let
  The lov'd remembrance go!

No; if this slighted heart must see
  Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh! let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
  Consum'd in sweets away!

EPISTLE IV.

TO

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.*

March.

"THE daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
"One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,

* Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library;" but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance; and with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist, who has written any account of those islands.

It is often asserted by the trans-atlantic politicians, that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives, and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington at New-York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War; "with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world." And there is no doubt it lies so fairly in the track to the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment

750366 A

"To the kindest, the dearest—oh! ju
the tear,
"That I shed while I name him, how
and how dear!"
'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabas
With a few who could feel and rem
like me,

The plan of Bishop Berkeley for a college
muda, where American savages might be co
and educated, though concurred in by the
ment of the day, was a wild and useless spec
Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the isla
years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the es
ment of a marine academy for the instru
those children of West Indians, who migh
tended for any nautical employment. Thi
more rational idea, and for something of thi
the island is admirably calculated. But t
should be much more extensive, and embra
neral system of education, which would ent
move the alternative, in which the colonists
volved at present, of either sending their
England for instruction, or entrusting them
leges in the States of America, where ideas
means favourable to Great Britain, are ve
lously inculcated.

The women of Bermuda, though not g
handsome, have an affectionate languor in th
and manner, which is always interesting.
the French imply by their epithet *aimant*
very much the character of the young Ber
girls—that predisposition to loving, which,
being awakened by any particular object,
itself through the general manner in a ton
derness that never fails to fascinate. The
the island, I confess, are not very civilized;
old philosopher, who imagined that, after t
men would be changed into mules, and wom
turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis i
degree anticipated at Bermuda.

The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I threw,
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you!

Oh! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower
And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new!
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him,
Who is lonely and sad in these vallies so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night, when we came from the calabash-tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day,
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play,
And oh!—such a vision as haunted me then
I could slumber for ages to witness again!
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends, who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!

Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle;
Serener the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd!
Not the vallies Heræn (though water'd by rills
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,*
When the song of the shepherd, primæval and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child,)
Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given
By the magic of love to this miniature heaven!

Oh magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?

Alas! that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,

* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, Lib. iv. Ἡρῶια γὰρ ὀρῆ κατὰ τὴν Σικελιανεῖν, ἃ φασὶ καλλεῖ κ. τ. λ.

The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream!

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
The bark that must carry these pages away,*
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind!
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
And the sound of those gales would be music to me!

Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew
Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam
Of the wave, that would carry your wanderer home!

* A ship, ready to sail for England.

LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence a raisonner, il cesse de sentir." J. J. ROUSSEAU.*

'Twas in the summer-time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who, of all the world should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yester-night,
While reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they past,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a path-way, not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

* Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's Etudes da la Nature.

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smelt the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool, as his was burning!

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
  And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For! ah the chill was quite too much,
  And love expir'd on Reason's breast!

NAY, do not weep, my FANNY dear!
  While in these arms you lie,
The world hath not a wish a fear,,
That ought to claim one precious tear
  From that beloved eye!

The world!—ah, FANNY! love must shun
  The path where many rove;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart to be his only-one,
  Are quite enough for love!

What can we wish, that is not here
  Between your arms and mine?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear,
As that within the blessed sphere
  Two loving arms entwine!

For me there's not a lock of jet
  Along your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once forget
  All, all the worthless world!

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love!
My only worlds I see;
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile for me!

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair ASPASIA's bower,
That Love and Learning many an hour,
In dalliance met, and Learning smil'd,
With rapture on the playful child,
Who wanton stole, to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning's vest!

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on ASPASIA's tongue,
The destines of Athens took
Their colour from ASPASIA's look.
Oh happy time! when laws of state,
When all that rul'd the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snowy arms!

Sweet times! you could not always last—
And yet, oh! yet, you *are* not past;
Though we have lost the sacred mould,
In which their men were cast of old,

Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

FANNY, my love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away
No—give the universe a soul
Attun'd to woman's soft control,
And FANNY hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will!

THE GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM

OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.*

TO HER LOVER.

. . . . . 'χι τε καλος
Πυθαγορεις, ὁσσοι τε χορον στηριξαν ερωτος.
Απολλων περι Πλωτινου. *Oracul. Metric.*
a Joan. Opsop. Collecta.

WAS it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?
I linger'd still, in all the murmuring rest,
The languor of a soul too richly blest!
Upon my breath thy sigh yet faintly hung;
Thy name yet died in whispers o'er my tongue;
I heard thy lyre, which thou hadst left behind,
In amorous converse with the breathing wind;
Quick to my heart I prest the shell divine,
And, with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,

* 'It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word Ωκεανος was sometimes synonymous with αιων, and death was not unfrequently called Ωκεανου πορος, or "the passage of the ocean."

I kist its every chord, while every kiss
Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of bliss.
Then soft to thee I touch'd the fervid lyre,
Which told such melodies, such notes of fire
As none but chords, that drank the burning dews
Of kisses dear as ours, could e'er diffuse!
Oh love! how blissful is the bland repose,
That soothing follows upon rapture's close,
Like a soft twilight, o'er the mind to shed
Mild melting traces of the transport fled!

While thus I lay, in this voluptuous calm,
A drowsy languor steep'd my eyes in balm,
Upon my lap the lyre in murmurs fell,
While faintly wandering o'er its silver shell
My fingers soon their own sweet requiem play'd,
And slept in music which themselves had made!
Then, then, my THEON, what a heavenly dream!
I saw two spirits, on the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, descending from above,
And gliding to my bower with looks of love.
Like the young genii, who repose their wings
All day in Amatha's luxurious springs,*
And rise at midnight, from the tepid rill
To cool their plumes upon some moon-light hill!

* Eunapius, in his life of Jamblichus, tells us of two beautiful little spirits or loves, which Jamblic-

Soft o'er my brow, which kindled with their sighs,
Awhile they play'd; then gliding through my eyes,
(Where the bright babies, for a moment, hung,
Like those thy lip hath kist, thy lyre hath sung,)
To that dim mansion of my breast they stole,
Where, wreath'd in blisses lay my captive soul.
Swift at their touch dissolv'd the ties that clung
So sweetly round her, and aloft she sprung!
Exulting guides, the little genii flew
Through paths of light, refresh'd with starry dew,
And fann'd by airs of that ambrosial breath,
On which the free soul banquets after death!

Thou know'st, my love, beyond our clouded skies,
As bards have dream'd, the spirits' kingdom lies,

chus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara; "dicens astantibus (says the author of the Dii Fatidici, p. 160) illos esse loci Genios:" which words however are not in Eunapius.

I find from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighbourhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes Hieronymus. "Est et alia villa in vicinia Gadaræ nomine Amatha, ubi calidæ aquæ erumpunt." Geograph. Antiq. Lib. iii. cap. 13.

Through that fair clime a sea of ether rolls*
Gem'd with bright islands, where the hal
low'd souls,
Whom life hath wearied in its race of hours
Repose forever in unfading bowers!
That very orb, whose solitary light
So often guides thee to my arms at night,
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
Floating, in splendour through those seas
above!
Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way,
Mild o'er its vallies stream'd a silvery day,
While, all around on lily beds of rest,
Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Blest!†
Oh! there I met those few congenial maids,
Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic
shades;

* This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the firmament," was one of the many physical errors in which the early fathers bewildered themselves. Le P. Baltus, in his "defense des saints Pères acousés de Platonisme," taking it for granted that the ancients were more correct in their notions, (which by no means appears from what I have already quoted) adduces the obstinacy of the fathers in this whimsical opinion, as a proof of their repugnance to even truth from the hands of the philosophers. This is a strange way of defending the fathers, and attributes much more than they deserve to the philosophers. For an abstract of this work of Baltus, (the opposer of Fontenelle, Van Dale, etc. in the famous oracle controversy) see "Bibliotheque des Auteurs Ecclésiast. du 18. siecle," 1 Part. Tom. ii.

* There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to their lunar establishment;

There still Leontium* on her sage's breast,
Found lore and love, was tutor'd and carest;
And there the twine of Pythias'† gentle arms
Repaid the zeal which deified her charms!
The Attic Master,‡ in Aspasia's eyes
Forgot the toil of less endearing ties;

some make it an elysium, and others a purgatory; while some supposed it to be a kind of *entrepot* between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those which were on their way to join them, were deposited in the vallies of Hecate, and remained till further orders Τοις περι σελην ην αερι λεγειν αυτας κατοικειν, και απ' αυτης κατω χωρειν εις την περιγειον γενεσιν. Stob. Lib. 1. Eclog. Physic.

* The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called her his "dear little Leontium" (Λεοντιδιον) as appears by a fragment of one of his letters in Laertius. This Leontium was a woman of talent; "she had the impudence (says Cicero) to write against Theophrastus;" and, at the same time Cicero gives her a name which is neither polite nor translateable, "Meretricula etiam Leontium contra Theophrastum scribere ausa est." De Natur. Deor. She left a daughter called Danae, who was just as rigid an Epicurean as her mother; something like Wieland's Danae in Agathon.

It would sound much better, I think, if the name were Leontia, as it occurs the first time in Laertius; but M. Menage will not hear of this reading.

† Pythias was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after her death he paid divine honours, solemnizing her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the goddess Ceres. For this impious gallantry the philosopher was, of course, censured; it would be well however if some of our modern Stagirites had a little of this superstition about the memory of their mistresses.

‡ Socrates; who used to console himself in the society of Aspasia for those "less endearing ties"

While fair Theano* innocently fair,
Play'd with the ringlets of her Samian's hair,†
Who, fix'd by love, at length was all her own,
And pass'd his spirit through her lips alone!

Oh Samian sage! whate'er thy glowing thought
Of mystic Numbers hath divinely wrought;
The One that's form'd of Two who dearly love,
Is the best number heaven can boast above!

which he found at home with Xantippe. For an account of this extraordinary creature, Aspasia, and her school of erudite luxury at Athens, see L'Histoire de l'Académie, etc. Tom. xxxi. p. 69. Ségur rather fails on the subject of Aspasia. "Les Femmes." Tom. i. p. 122.

The author of the "Voyage du Monde de Descartes" has also placed these philosophers in the moon, and has alotted Seigneuries to them, as well as to the astronomers; (2 part. p. 143.) but he ought not to have forgotten their wives and mistresses; "curæ non ipsâ in morte relinquunt."

* There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, etc. One, in particular, to Nicostrata, whose husband had given her reasons for jealousy, contains such truly considerate and rational advice, that it ought to be translated for the edification of all married ladies. See Gale's Opuscul. Myth. Phys. p. 741.

† Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair, and Doctor Thiers (in his Histoire des Perruques) seems to take it for granted it was all his own, as he has not mentioned him among those ancients who were obliged to have recourse to the "coma appositiitia." L'Hist. des Perruques, Chap. I.

But think, my Theon, how this soul was
thrill'd,
When near a fount, which o'er the vale distill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,
That, oh!—'twas but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee!
No aid of words the unbodied soul requires,
To waft a wish her embassy desires;
But, by a throb to spirits only given,
By a mute impulse, only felt in heaven,
Swifter than meteor shaft through summer
skies,
From soul to soul the glanc'd idea flies!

We met—like thee the youthful vision
smil'd;
But now like thee when passionately wild,
Thou wak'st the slumbering blushes of my
cheek,
By looking things thyself would blush to
speak!
No! 'twas the tender, intellectual smile,
Flush'd with the past and yet serene the
while,
Of that delicious hour when, glowing yet,
Thou yield'st to nature with a fond regret,
And thy soul, waking from its wilder'd dream,
Lights in thine eye a mellower, chaster beam!

Oh my beloved! how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet!

Th' Elean god,* whose faithful waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves below,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings with which Olympic maids
Have deck'd their billow, as an offering meet
To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet!
Think, when he mingles with his fountain-bride
What perfect rapture thrills the blended tide!
Each melts in each, till one pervading kiss
Confound their current in a sea of bliss!
'Twas thus---
But, Theon, 'tis a weary theme,
And thou delight'st not in my lingering dream.
Oh! that our lips were, at this moment, near,
And I would kiss thee into patience, dear!
And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of star-light bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul inspir'd by thee and love,
In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.
But no; no more—soon as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away.

* The river Alpheus; which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa. Και εστι τήν Αρεθουσαν υπο Αλφειον νυμφοπολειόταν εν η των ολυμπιων ἑορτη κ. τ. λ. Lib. 1,

I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,
And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest:
Then if too weak, too cold the vision seems,
Thy lip shall teach me something more than
dreams!

THE SENSES.

A DREAM.

IMBOWER'D in the vernal shades,
And circled all by rosy fences,
I saw the five luxurious maids,
Whom mortals love and call THE SENSES.

Many and blissful were the ways,
In which they seem'd to pass their hours—
One wander'd through the garden's maze,
Inhaling all the soul of flowers;

Like those, who live upon the smell
Of roses, by the Ganges' stream,*
With perfume from the flowret's bell,
She fed her life's ambrosial dream!

Another touch'd the silvery lute,
To chain a charmed sister's ear,
Who hung beside her, still and mute,
Gazing as if her eyes could hear!
The nymph who thrill'd the warbling wire,
Would often raise her ruby lip,

* Circa fontem Gangis Astomorum gentum . . . . . halitu tantum viventem et odore quem naribus trahant. Plin. Lib. vii. cap. 2.

As if it pouted with desire
  Some cooling, nectar'd draught to sip.

Nor yet was she, who heard the lute,
  Unmindful of the minstrel maid,
But prest the sweetest, richest fruit
  To bathe her ripe lip as she play'd!

But, oh! the fairest of the group
  Was one, who in the sunshine lay,
And op'd the cincture's golden loop
  That hid her bosom's panting play!

And still her gentle hand she stole
  Along the snows, so sweetly orb'd,
And look'd the while, as if her soul
  Were in that heavenly touch absorb'd!

Another nymph, who linger'd nigh,
  And held a prism of various light,
Now put the rainbow wonder by,
  To look upon this lovelier sight.

And still as one's enamour'd touch
  Adown the lapsing ivory fell,
The other's eye entranc'd as much,
  Hung giddy o'er its radiant swell!

Too wildly charm'd, I would have fled—
  But she, who in the shunshine lay,
Replac'd her golden loop, and said,
  "We pray thee for a moment stay.

"If true my counting pulses beat,
  "It must be now almost the hour,

"When Love, with visitation sweet,
"Descends upon our bloomy bower.

"And with him from the sky he brings
"Our sister-nymph who dwells above—
"Oh! never may she haunt these springs,
"With any other god but Love!

"When he illumes her magic urn,
"And sheds his own enchantments in it,
"Though but a minute's space it burn,
"'Tis heaven to breathe it but a minute!

"Not all the purest power we boast,
"Not silken touch, nor vernal dye,
"Nor music, when it thrills the most,
"Nor balmy cup, nor perfume's sigh,

"Such transport to the soul can give,
"Though felt till time itself shall wither,
"As in that one dear moment live,
"When Love conducts our sister hither!"

She ceas'd—the air respir'd of bliss—
A languor slept in every eye;
And now the scent of Cupid's kiss
Declar'd the melting power was nigh!

I saw them come—the nymph and boy,
In twisted wreaths of rapture bound;
I saw her light the urn of joy,
While all her sisters languish'd round!

A sigh from every bosom broke—
I felt the flames around me glide,

Till with the glow I trembling woke,
And found myself by FANNY's side!

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28th APRIL.*

WHEN freshly blows the nothern gale,
And under coursers snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

* I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle April in company with the Cambrian and Leande aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir A drew Mitchell, who divides his year between Hal fax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of socie and good-fellowship to both. We separated in few days, and the Boston after a short cruise pr ceeded to New-York.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring;
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And though your lip be rich with dew,
To loose it, CLOE, scarce would kill me.
That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However warm I've twin'd about it!
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
To—do without you altogether!

TO THE FIRE-FLY.*

This morning, when the earth and sky
  Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
  Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
  And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too
  For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
  When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
  To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

* The lively and varying illumination, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches se développant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettaient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dores que la nuit avait ravie," etc. etc. See l'Histoire des Antilles, Art. 2. Chap. 4. Liv. 1.

THE VASE.

THERE was a vase of odour lay
  For many an hour on Beauty's shrine,
So sweet that Love went every day
  To banquet on its breath divine.

And not an eye had ever seen
  The fragrant charm the vase conceal'd;
Oh Love! how happy 'twould have been,
  If thou hadst ne'er that charm reveal'd!

But Love, like every other boy,
  Would know the spell that lurks within:
He wish'd to break the crystal toy,
  But beauty murmur'd "twas a sin!"

He swore, with many a tender plea,
  That neither heaven or earth forbad it;
She told him, Virtue kept the key,
  And look'd as if—she wish'd he had it!

He stole the key when Virtue slept,
  (Ev'n she can sleep, if Love but ask it!)
And Beauty sigh'd, and Beauty wept,
  While silly Love unlock'd the casket.

Oh dulcet air that vanish'd then!
  Can Beauty's sigh recall thee ever!
Can Love, himself, inhale again
  A breath so precious! never! never!

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe
  By Beauty to repentance given,
Though bitterly on earth they flow,
  Shall turn to fragrant balm in heaven!

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, Love, a golden chain,
  I bring thee too a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
  The flowerets long shall sweetly breathe!
Come tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The chain is of a splendid thread,
  Stol'n from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting sun had shed
  The sober beam of evening there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
  With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
  To heal his lip when bees have stung it!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
  Which answers when the tongue is loath,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
  And hold'st thy playful hands for both.

Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
  The world would see them blended oft;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
  The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, FANNY, so unblest they twine,
  That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
  Or shine but for a transient season!
Whether the Chain may press too much,
  Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
  And all their glow, their tints are faded!
Sweet FANNY, what would Rapture do,
  When all her blooms had lost their grace?
Might she not stea a rose or two,
  From other Wreaths to fill their place?—
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to thee.

THE timid girl now hung her head,
  And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
  Along her brow's divine expanse.
Just then, the garland's dearest rose
  Gave one of its seducing sighs—
Oh! who can ask how FANNY chose,
  That ever look'd in FANNY's eyes!
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be,
"The tie to bind my soul to thee!"

TO—— ——.

And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
That many a time obscures my brow,
Midst all the blisses, darling maid,
Which thou canst give, and only thou!

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget
The endearing charms that round twine—
There never throb'd a bosom yet
Could feel their witchery, like mine!

When bashful on my bosom hid,
And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
Again to close it on my breast!

Oh! these are minutes all thine own,
Thine own to give, and mine to feel,
Yet ev'n in them, my heart has known
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
When he who first thy soul possess'd,
Like me awak'd its witching powers
Like me was lov'd, like me was blest!

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
For him that snowy lid hath hung
In extacy, as purely felt!

For him—yet why the past recall
To wither blooms of present bliss!

Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
  And heaven can grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
  I would be first, be sole to thee,
Thou should'st but have begun to live,
  The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,
  Love should keep that leaf alone,
On which he first so dearly trac'd
  That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

EPISTLE VI.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

TO LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΚΑΙ ΜΗ ΘΑΥΜΑΣΗΣ ΜΗΤ' ΕΙ ΜΑΚΡΟΤΕΡΑΝ ΓΕΓΡΑΦΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗΝ, ΜΗΔ' ΕΙ ΤΙ ΠΕΡΙΕΡΓΟΤΕΡΟΝ Η ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΙΚΩΤΕΡΟΝ ΕΙΡΗΚΑΜΕΝ Ε ΑΥΤΗ.

Isocrat Epist. iv.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new unconcious prime,
Rose, like a phœnix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view,
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream.
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dream'd as much before!
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime
The plans of virtue midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the ideot and the sage;

When still we see, through every varying
frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died to
make
A space on earth for modern fools to take;
'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
Nor tire of watcing for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has
given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for
heaven;
O'er dross without to shed the flame within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin!

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's
stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer
fate,
Rise o'er the level of this mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at last!
"Here," might they say, "shall power's di-
vided reign
"Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
"Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
"Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by
truth

"To full maturity of nerve and mind,
"Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind!*
"Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught,
"In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
"But flow for all, through nation, rank and sect,
"Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
"Around the columns of the public shrine
"Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
"Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid,
"Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
"No longer here shall justice bound her view,
"Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
"But take her range through all the social frame,
"Pure and pervading as that vital flame,

* Thus Morse. "Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny; here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge," etc. etc. P. 569.

"Which warms at once our best and meanest
part,
"And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

Oh golden dream! what soul that loves to
scan
The brightness rather than the shades of man
That own the good, while smarting with the
ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still—
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope with all that heavenly
heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine!
Yes, dearest FORBES, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne!

But, is it thus? doth even the glorious
dream
Borrow from truth that dim uncertain gleam
Which bids us give such dear delusion scope
As kills not reason, while it nurses hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—ev'n now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their
death,

And, like the nymphs of her own withering
clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her
prime!*

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads or worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear.
Already blighted, with her blackning trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit!

Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess;

* "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous despatch to his government which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, Vol. i. p. 279. It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side, and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to every honest politician, who may labour under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

And latest folly of ...
Which, rarely venturing in the
While nobler passions wage thei
Comes skulking last, with selfist
And dies, collecting lumber in
Long has it palsied every grasp
And greedy spirit through t
land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the de
So loose abroad, that virtue's s
And conscience, truth, and hor
To rise and fall, like other wa

Already in this free, this vir
Which Frenchmen tell us, w
fate,
To show the world, what l
springs
From rabble senators, and me
Even here already patriots le
Their private perquisites fron

And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,*
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,†
Have prov'd at length the mineral's tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.‡
Oh! freedom, freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not eastern bombast, nor the savage rant

* I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the Colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

† The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

‡ See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's Works throughout, for ample corroborrtion of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer, than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,*
And all the pye-bald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod
O'er creatures like himself, with soul from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,

* In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrasment; as the numerous emigrations, which are expected to take place from the southern states to this newly acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.

In climes, where liberty has scarce been
nam'd,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd
Than thus to live, when bastard freedom
waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the lively slav'd and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit,
The brute made ruler and the man made
brute!

But, oh my FORBES! while thus, in flow-
erless song,
I feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the voices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were
nurst!
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne
they serv'd—
Thou gently lull'd in dreams of classic
thought,
By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been!
Why should I wake thee? why severely chace
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures
spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,

Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of tl
heart!
Forgive me FORBES—and should the sor
destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and blest that few wl
can!
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred ey
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim
And proudly study all her lights in him!
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection ye

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wov
Is fair—but oh! how fair,
If pity's hand had stolen from love
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf where love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all!

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wov
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
Must keep its tears for me!

LYING.

CHE CON LE LOR BUGIE PAJON DIVINI.
Mauro d' Arcano.

I DO confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
Oh no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then can heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kist, and kissing sworn!

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth!

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
  I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
  'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length I bid an artist paint
  Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
  To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold how bright that purple lip
  Is blushing through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
  Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this;
  For, even when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
  And in the nectar flows again!

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
  And may that eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
  As bathes it in this bowl of mine!

TO———'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she whose shade thou art
  No more will let thee soothe my pain—
Yet tell her, it has cost his heart
  Some pangs, to give thee back again!

Tell her the smile was not so dear,
  With which she made thy semblance min
As bitter is the burning tear,
  With which I now the gift resign!

Yet go—and could she still restore,
  As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
  When her eyes found me wild and free:

Could she give back the careless flow,
  The spirit which my fancy knew—
Yet, ah! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
  Smile at me once, and then—adieu!

FRAGMENT

OF A MITHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.*

BLEST infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee!

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died.

* Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timæus held Form to be the father, and Matter the mother of the world; Elion and Berouth, I think, are Sanchoniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-capac and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said "tutto il mondo é fatto come la nostra famiglia."

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping;
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!
But look what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So lovely? art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams,
That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild?
Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
Collected in so bright a form,
Till, kindled by the ardent spell
Of his desiring eyes,
And all impregnate with his sighs,
They spring to life in shape so fair and warm!

'Tis she!
Psyche, the first born spirit of the air
To thee, oh Love! she turns,
On thee her eye-beam burns:
Blest hour of nuptial ecstacy!
They meet—
The blooming god—the spirit fair—
Oh! sweet, oh heavenly sweet!
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn!

* * * * *
* * * *

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE F-R-BES.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
  Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd
And o'er the magic tablet tell
  The silent story of the mind;

O'er nature's form to glance the eye,
  And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
  Her evening blushes, ere they fade!

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
  Divinest of the powers divine
That light the Muse's flowery dream,
  And these, oh Prince! are richly thine!

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
  In emanating soul exprest,
The sweet memorial of a face
  On which her eye delights to rest;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
  The smile of Peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
  The eye, that tells the bosom's truth;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
  Her soul with fond attention roves,
Blessing the hand, whose various hue
  Could imitate the form it loves;

She feels the value of thy art,
  And owns it with a purer zeal,
A rapture, nearer to her heart,
  Than critic taste can *ever* feel!

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS*

TO A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

DULCIS CONSCIA LECTULI LUCERNA.
Martial, Lib. XIV. Epig. 39.

"Oh! love the Lamp (my mistress said)
  "The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
"Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
  "Has kept its little watch of light!

* It was not very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, were all the necessary qualifications for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood, that the founder of a

"Full often has it seen her weep,
"And fix her eyes upon its flame,
"Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
"Repeating her beloved's name!

"Oft has it known her cheek to burn
"With recollections, fondly free,
"And seen her turn, impassion'd turn
"To kiss the pillow, love! for thee,
"And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
"That kiss to feel, that thought to share!

"Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
"Thy step through learning's sacred way;
"And, lighted by its happy ray,
"Whene'er those darling eyes shall read

new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality In the science of nature too, though they discovered some valuable truths, yet they seemed not to know they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch de Placit Philosoph lib. ii. cap 13. It is impossible to read this treaties of Plutarch, without alternately admiring and smiling at the genius, the absurdities of the philosophers.

"Of things sublime, of nature's birth
"Of all that's bright in heaven or earth.
"Oh! think that she, by whom 'twas given.
"Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes—dearest Lamp! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung;*
The neck reclin'd, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lip's delicious sighs,
The fringe, that from the snowy lid
Along the cheek of roses lies:

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
My Lamp and I shall never part!

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze!

* The ancients had their lucernæ cubiculariæ, or bed-chamber lamps, which as the Emperor Galienus said "nil cras meminere;" and with the same commendation of secresy, Praxagora addresses her lamp in Aristophanes, Ἐκκλ. We may judge how fanciful they were, in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolic Lucerna which we find in the Romanum Museum Mich. Ang. Causei, p. 127.

Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
  Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his burning soul behind!

Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
  Oh man of Ascra's dreary glades!*
To whom the nightly-warbling Nine†
  A wand of inspiration gave,‡
Pluck'd from the greenest tree that shades
  The crystal of Castalia's wave.
Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages' heavenly store,

From Science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes
Through labyrinths of wonder flies!

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
  The passing world's precarious flight,
Where all, that meets the morning glow,
  Is chang'd before the fall of night!§

* Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Ascra. Εργ και Ημερ. v 251.

† Εννυχιαι σειχον, περικαλλεα οσσαν ιεισαι. Theog. v. 10.

‡ Και μοι σκηπτρον εδον, δαφνης εριθηλεα οζον. Id. v. 30.

§ Ρειν τα όλα ποταμω δικην, as expressed among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seneca, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est mane,

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
" Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
" And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
" Will also quench yon heaven of suns!"

Oh! then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away;
Who pauses, to inquire of Heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which Heaven has made for man to use
And man should think it guilt to lose?
Who, that has cull'd a weeping rose,
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
On which it dies and loves to die!

Pleasure! thou only good on earth!*
One little hour resign'd to thee—
Oh! by my LAIS' lip, 'tis worth,
The sage's immortality!

qui fuit pridie Corpora nostra rapiuntur fluminum more; quidquid vides currit cum tempore. Nihil ex his quæ videmus manet Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatus sum," etc.

* Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
  And all the lore, whose tame control
Would wither joy with chill delays!
Alas! the fertile fount of sense,
  At which the young, the panting soul
Drinks life and love, too soon decays!

Sweet Lamp! thou wert not form'd to shed
  Thy splendour on a lifeless page—
Whate'er my blushing LAIS said
  Of thoughtful lore and studies sage
'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ!*

only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

* Maupertuis has been still more explicit than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him, "une nouvelle créature, qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui pourra gouter les mêmes plaisirs." See his *Vénus Physique.* This appears to be one of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of manner, for which the learned President is so well ridiculed in the Akakia of Voltaire.

Maupertuis may be thought to have borrowed from the ancient Aristippus that indiscriminate theory of pleasures which he has set forth in his Essai de Philosophie Morale, and for which he was so very justly condemned. Aristippus, according to Laertius, held μη διαφερειν τι 'ηδονην 'ηδονης, which irrational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertuis; "Tant qu'on ne considère que l'état présent, tous les plaisirs sont du meme genre," etc. etc.

And, soon as night shall close the eye
  Of Heaven's young wanderer in the west,
When seers are gazing on the sky,
  To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
  Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
  Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear!
Nor let her dream of bliss so near;
Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,
And I shall lift the locks, that flow
Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
And softly kiss those sealed eyes,
And wake her into sweet surprise!

Or if she dream, oh! let her dream
  Of those delights we both have known
And felt so truly, that they seem
  Form'd to be felt by us alone!
And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
  Shall see her bosom warmly move,
And hear her faintly, lowly speak
  The murmur'd sounds so dear to love!
Oh! I shall gaze, till even the sigh,
That wafts her very soul, be nigh,
And when the nymph is all but blest,
Sink in her arms and share the rest!
Sweet LAIS! what an age of bliss
  In that one moment waits for me!
Oh sages! think on joy like this,
  And where's your boast of apathy!

TO MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Τυτο δε τι εστι το ποτον ; πλανη, εφη.
Cebetis Tabula.

THEY say that Love had once a book,
(The urchin likes to copy you,)
Where, all who came the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line,
Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till fear wou'd come, alas! as oft,
And trembling close what hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which love had still to smooth again.

But, oh! there was a blooming boy,
  Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And, wrote therein such words of joy,
  As all who read still sigh'd for more;

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
  And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet innocence, whene'er he came,
  Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
  Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys;
And well she knew the stain, that lingers
  After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night
  He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
  And sullied lines and marge and all!

In vain he sought, with eager lip
  The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
  The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh! it would make you weep to see
  The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
  Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
  And Hope's sweet lines were all defac'd,
And Love himself could scarcely know
  What Love himself had lately trac'd!

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas! could pleasure stay?)
And Love while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey-stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long have faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related!

EPISTLE VII.

TO

THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΔΙΗΓΗΣΟΜΑΙ ΔΙΕΓΗΜΑΤΑ ΙΣΩΣ ΑΠΙΣΤΑ.
ΚΟΙΝΩΝΑ 'ΩΝ ΠΕΠΟΝΘΑ ΟΥΚ ΕΧΩΝ.
Xenophont. Ephes. Ephesiac. Lib. v.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares of day
In twillight dews are calmly wept away.
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy!
The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,
Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace!*

* The "black Aspasia" of the present********* of the United States, "inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas" has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democrat wits in America.

In fancy now, beneath the twillight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern
Rome!*
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber
now!†—
This fam'd metropolis where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but wood‡ and ******* they see,
Where streets should run, and sages *ought* to
be!

* "On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld), the identical spot in which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome." *Weld's Travels*, Letter iv.

† A little stream that runs through the city which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

‡ "To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next door neighbour, and in the same city, is a curious and I believe a novel circumstance." *Weld.* Letter iv.

The Federal City (if it must be called a city) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The Hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's House, a

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave!—
Oh great Potowmac! oh you banks of shade!
You mighty scenes, in nature's morning made,
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!
Say were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman charm and man deserve her love!

very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus, and say, τα δε εν απορρητω.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago, have remained so long waste and unfinished, that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace
Its own half-organized, half minded race*
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin, gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their
home,
Where none but demi-gods should dare to
roam?
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh! doubly
worse,
Did Heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed
sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?
But hush!—observe that little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly
shines,

* The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the notes on Virginia, where this gentleman endeavours to disapprove in general the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers, that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) *belittles* her productions in the western world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently recovered. See his *Researches sur les Américains*, Part i. tom. i. p. 102.

There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief,*
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign!
How shall we rank thee upon glory's page!
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
Too form'd for peace to act a conquerer's part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!

While warmer souls command, nay make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;

* On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
If thou hast got within thy free-born breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that's there:
So here I pause—and now, my HUME! we part;
But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!

O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise!*
While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
Where sovereign man can condesend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he!

* In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I alluded to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

THE SNAKE.

1801.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid with laughing eyes--
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
"Who could expect such hidden harm
"Beneath the rose's velvet charm?"

Never did mortal thought occur
In more unlucky hour than this;
For oh! I just was leading her,
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity pray'd, it might not be.

"No," said the girl--and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelid, as she said it--
"Under the rose, or in the dark,
"One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it;
"But when its wicked eyes appear,
"And when we know, for what they wind so,
"One must be very simple, dear,
"To let it sting one—don't you think so?"

LINES,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

———— τηνδε την πολιν φιλως
Ειπων· εναξια γαρ.
Sophocl, Œdip. Colon. v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh!

Oh nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre, that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!
Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet:
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet!

But the lays of his boy-hood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman—oh woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue!
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!
Nor did she her enarmouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye.
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he
has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he
met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill
alone!

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.*

'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay:
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light.
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,
At nature's dawning hour,

* Though I call this a Dithyrambic Ode, I cannot presume to say that it possesses, in any degree, the characteristics of that species of poetry. The nature of the ancient Dithyrambic is very imperfectly known. According to M. Burette, a licentious irregularity of metre, an extravagant research of thought and expression, and a rude embarrassed construction, are among its most distinguishing features. He adds, "Ces caractéres des dityrambes se font sentir à ceux qui lisent attentivement les odes de Pindare." *Mémoires de l' Acad.* Vol. x. p. 306. And the same opinion may be collected from

Stor'd the rich fluid of etherial soul !*
Around
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles,
(Where they have bath'd them in the orient ray,

Schmidt's dissertation upon the subject. But I think if the Dithyrambics of Pindar were in our possession, we should find, that, however wild and fanciful, they were by no means the tasteless jargon they are represented, and that even their irregularity was what Boileau calls "un beau désordre." Chiabrera, who has been styled the Pindar of Italy, and from whom all its poetry upon the Greek model was called Chiabrerescq (as Crescimbeni informs us, Lib. i. cap. 12.) has given, amongst his Vendemmie, a Dithyrambic, all' uso de' Greci; it is full of those compound epithets, which, we are told, were a chief character of the style (συνθετοι δε λεξεις εποιουν. Suid. Διθυραμβοδιδ·;) such as

Briglindorato Pegaso
Nubicalpestator.

But I cannot suppose that Pindar, even amidst all the licence of dithyrambics, would ever have descended to ballad-language like the following:

Bella Filli, e bella Clori
Non piu dar pregio a tue bellezze e taci,
Che se Bacco fa vezzi alle mie labbra
Fo le fiche a' vostri baci.
. . . . . esser vorrei Coppier,
E se troppo desiro
Deh fossi io Bottiglier.
Rime del Chiabrera, Part ii. p. 352.

* This is a Platonic fancy; the philosopher supposes, in his Timæus, that, when the Deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls; in which process, says

And with fine fragrance all their bosoms
fill'd,)
In circles flew, and melting as they flew,
A liquid day-break o'er the board distill'd!
All, all was luxury!
All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles!
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright moeter-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd!
While mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering blooms of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy!
Upon his bosom, Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstacy!
Now in his arm,
In blushes she repos'd,
And, while her zone resign'd its every
charm,

Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars which served as reservoirs of the fluid. Ταυτ' ειπε και παλιν επι τον προτερον κρατηρα εν ᾧ την τε παντος ψυχην κεραννος εμισγε κ. τ. λ.

To shade his burning eyes her hand in (ance stole.
And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to si
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently clos'd,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew in the bowl !
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Wav'd o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves at evening hour
With roses of Cyrene blending*
Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream !

The Olympian cup
Burn'd in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her fe
Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their ste fount ;†
And still,
As the resplendent rill,

* We learn from Theophrastus, that the of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. Εὐ σμα δε τα εν Κυρηνη ρόδα.

† Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to spark of the stellar essence. "scintilla stellari sentiæ." Macrobius, in Somn. Scip Lib. i cap

Flam'd o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heavenly fire
In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air,
Such as the children of the pole respire,
In those enchanted lands,*
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow!
But oh!
Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy fleet career
Along the studded sphere,

* The country of the Hyperboreans: they were supposed to be placed so far north, that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, etc. etc. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined, that instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions; thus the former. Τα ὦν πτερα εικαζονται την χ[illegible]α τῆς Σκυθαις τε και τῆς περιοικιδος ὄκεανὸ λεγομενου. *Herodot* Lib. iv cap 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise See *Metamorph.* Lib. xv

Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish Antiquarians, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where, they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland however will have it that Abaris was a Welshman, and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Rees!

With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink.
Some star, that glitter'd in the way,
  Raising its amorous head
To kiss so exquisite a tread,
    Check'd thy impatient pace!
    And all heaven's host of eyes
  Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies!*
    Upon whose starry plain they lay,
Like a young blossom on our meads of Gold,
    Shed from a vernal thorn
Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn!
Or as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
    Upon a diamond shrine!
      The wanton wind,
    Which had pursued the flying fair,
      And sweetly twin'd
    Its spirit with the breathing rings
      Of her ambrosial hair,
Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling wings.
      (Oh wanton wind!)
Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow,
Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,

* I believe it is Servius who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him: "Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, perque lubricum minus cauté incedens, cecidisset, revolutisque vestibus"—in short, she fell in a very awkward manner, and though (as the Encyclopédistes think) it would have amused Jove at any other time, yet, as he happened to be out of temper on that day, the poor girl was dismissed from her employment.

Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the mysteries!*
* * * *
* the brow of Juno flushed—
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through the strings.
Drops of etherial dew,
That burning gush'd,
As the great goblet flew
From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky!
Who was the spirit that remember'd Man
In that voluptuous hour?
And with a wing of Love
Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,
As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below!†

* The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinus portat mysteria." See the *Divine Legation*, Book ii. sect. 4.

† In the *Geoponica*, Lib. ii. cap. 17, there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. Εν ουρανω των θεων ευωχουμενων, και τυ νεκταρος πολλυ παρακειμενυ, ανασκιρτεσαι χορεια τον Ερωτα και συσσεισαι τω πτερω τυ κρατηρος την βασιν, και περιτρεψαι μεν αυτον· το δε νεκταρ εις την γην εκχυθεν κ. τ. λ. *Vid. Auctor. de Re Rust, edit. Contab.* 1704.

Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of Heaven's illumin'd lyre,*
Stealing the soul of music in its fl
And now, amid the breezes blanc
That whisper from the planets as th
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering st
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the ball of flame
Descending through the waste
Thought 'twas a planet, whose st
frame
Had kindled as it rapidly revolv'
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'
Into a flood so bright!
The child of day,
Within his twilight bower

On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower ;*
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed !
But, when the waking boy,
Wav'd his exhaling tresses through the sky,
O morn of joy !
The tide divine,
All glittering with the vermeil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly
WINE !

Blest be the sod, the flow'ret blest,
That caught, upon their hallow'd breast,
The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial
springs !

* The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos Ειτε Αιγυπτιοις ἑωραιως αρχην ανατολης παιδιον νεογνον γραφοντας επι λοτω καθεζομενον Plutarch. περι τ ̃ ν μη χραν εμμετρ, See also his treatise *Isid. et Osir.* Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sun-rise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating it to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos, is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones See *Montfaucon*, Tom. ii. planche 158, and the *Supplément*. etc. Tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

Less sweet the flow'ret, and less sweet the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar god !*

TO ——— ———.

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again !

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins !

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother !
Repose in the sun-set of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another !

* The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated. *Plutarch Sympos.* Lib. iv. cap. 2. where (as Vossius remarks) καισσι, instead of καλασι, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow, *De Origin. et Progress. Idololat.* Lib. iii. cap. 13.

ANACREONTIC.

"She never look'd so kind before—
"Yet why the wanton's smile recall!
"I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
"'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said and, sighing, sipp'd
The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
Breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on LAMIA hung—
On whom but LAMIA *could* they hang!

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes, that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
Of which luxurious heaven hath cast her,
Through which her soul doth beam as white
As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet as if 'twas LAMIA's hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
And LAMIA's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
  And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
  The chord beneath my finger broke!

False harp! false woman!—such, oh!
  Are lutes too frail and maids too willi
Every hand's licentious touch
  Can learn to wake their wildest thrill

And when that thrill is most awake,
  And when you think heaven's joys i
    you,
The nymph will change, the chord
    break—
  Oh Love! oh Music! how I hate you

TO MRS.————.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER

Is not thy mind a gentle mind!
Is not thy heart a heart refin'd!
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love or Heaven can t
And oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd

May now repay its love with blame!
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man be first to wound thee!
Though the whole world may freeze around thee,
Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear,*
Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congeal'd around;
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still!

HYMN

OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh! lost, for ever lost!—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day!

* This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some pointless epigrams. It was a drop of pure water inclosed within a piece of crystal. See *Claudian. Epigram. de Chrystallo cui aqua inerat.* Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; He says, "It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen." *Addison's Remarks on several Parts of Italy.*

The breathings of a deity
Guide of my heart ! to men
Thy looks, thy words, are
I see thee raising from the
Some laurel, by the wind
And hear thee say, "This
"Was planted for a doom
"And, though it weep in la
"Shall flourish on the De
"Thus, in the vale of earth
"Though sunk awile the
"A viewless hand shall cull
"To bloom immortal in

Thy words had such a melt
And spoke of truth so sw
They dropp'd like heaven's

* The laurel, for the commo
for adorning the altars and swe
was supplied by a tree near the
But upon all important occasion

And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear!
Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here!
Am I not still thy soul's employ!
And oh! as oft, at close of day
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd the choral lay,
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green;
So still, each little grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread!
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony!
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To memory so divinely dear!

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὥσπερ σφραγῖδες τα φιλήματα.

Achilles Tatius, Lib. i.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken!—once betray'd
"Oh! never can my heart rely
"On word or look, on oath or sigh.
"Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
"With promis'd faith and vows to Heaven;
"That little ring which, night and morn,
"With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
"That seal, which oft in moment blest,
"Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
"And sworn its dewy spring should be
"A fountain seal'd* for only thee!
"Take, take them back the gift and vow,
"All sullied, lost and hateful now!"

* "There are gardens, supposed to be those o King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem The friars show a fountain which they say is th 'sealed fountain,' to which the holy spouse in th Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradi tion, that Solomon shut up these springs and put hi signet upon the door, to keep them for his ow drinking." *Maundrell's Travels.* See also th *Notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solo mon.*

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While oh! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled!
Gently I whisper'd, "FANNY, dear!
"Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
"Say, where are all the seals he gave
"To every ringlet's jetty wave,
"And where is every one he printed
"Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted,
"Seals, of the purest gem of bliss
"Oh! richer, softer, far than this!

"And then the ring—my love! recall
"How many rings, delicious all,
"His arms around that neck hath twisted,
"Twining warmer far than this did!
"Where are they all, so sweet so many!
"Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!"
While thus I murmur'd, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vow'd was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like day-light o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew!
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh, who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals!

TO MISS SUSAN B——CKF——D.

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd like thee, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh! why should fairy fancy keep
"These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my life has lov'd to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combin'd
  Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pin'd
  For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all, at last,
  In thee, thou sweetest, living lyre,
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
  Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
  In fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
  Are realiz'd, at once, in thee!

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS O THE MOHAWK RIVER.*

GIA ERA IN LOCO OVE S'UDIA 'L RIMBOMBO DELL' ACQUA. . . . . *D*

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizzard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild
Through shades that frown'd and flowers
smil'd,

* There is a dreary and savage character ir country immediately above these Falls, whic much more in harmony with the wildness of su scene than the cultivated lands in the neight hood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Weld's book According to him, the perpendic height of the Cohos Falls is fifty feet; but the l quis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually for and dissolving as the spray rises into the light of sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty w these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

ng by every green recess
t woo'd him to its calm caress,
, sometimes turning with the wind,
f to leave one look behind!
I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
r like to thee, thou restless tide!
r be the lot, the life of him,
o roams along thy water's brim!
ough what alternate shades of woe,
flowers of joy my path may go!
r many an humble still retreat
r rise to court my weary feet,
le still pursuing, still unblest,
nder on, nor dare to rest!
urgent as the doom that calls
water to its destin'd falls,
the world's bewildering force
ry my heart's devoted course
n lapse to lapse, till life be done,
l the last current cease to run!
may my falls be bright as thine!
Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
n the mist that circles me,
oft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

Cloris! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be

There is but *one* objection in it—
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid!

TO MISS ———.

With woman's form and woman's trick
So much of man you seem to mix,
One knows not where to take you;
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
Or what she meant to make you.

Yet stay—you need not take the pains
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains
For man or maid's desiring;
Pert as females, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale—
The thing's not worth inquiring!

TO ——— ———.

ON HER ASKING ME TO ADDRESS A POEM TO HER.

SINE VENERE FRIGET APOLLO.

Ægid. Menagius.

How can I sing of fragrant sighs
  I ne'er have felt from thee!
How can I sing of smiling eyes,
  That ne'er have smil'd on me?

The heart, 'tis true, may fancy much,
  But, oh! 'tis cold and seeming—
One moment's real, rapturous touch
  Is worth an age of dreaming!

Think'st thou, when JULIA's lip and breast
  Inspir'd my youthful tongue,
I coldly spoke of lips unprest,
  Nor felt the heaven I sung?

No, no, the spell, that warm'd so long,
  Was still my JULIA's kiss,
And still the girl was paid, in song,
  What she had giv'n in bliss!

Then beam one burning smile on me.
  And I will sing those eyes;
Let me but feel a breath from thee,
  And I will praise thy sighs.

That rosy mouth alone can bring
  What makes the bard divine—
Oh, Lady! how my lip would sing,
  If once 'twere prest to thine!

SONG

OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WO

QUÆ VIA DIFFICILIS, QUAQUE EST VIA NULLA.
Ovid. Metam. Lib. iii. v.

Now the vapour hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirstly thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in through the very dreary wilderness betwee via, a new settlement in the midst of the woo the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie is the most fatiguing part of the route, in tr through the Genesee country to Niagara.

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along,
Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home!*
Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And he cayman† loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,‡

* "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." *Morse's American Geography.*

† The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

‡ This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

Lone beneath a roof of blood,
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither
Eyes that blast and wings that wither
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying!
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air
To the Fiend presiding there!*

* "We find also collars of porcelain, tob
ears of maize, skins, etc. by the side of difficul
dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the
and these are so many offerings made to the s
which preside in these places," See *Charle*
Letter on the Traditions and the Religion o
Savages of Canada.

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceren
he also says, "We took notice of one barb

Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO MRS. HENRY T——GHE,

ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine!

who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." See *Hennepin's Voyage into North America.*

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
  A glory round thy temple spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
  Such perfume o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
  The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd—
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
  The myrtle wither'd, as she breath'd!

Oh! you that love's celestial dream,
  In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam,
  Too strongly through the vision glow

Love's sweetest lies, conceal'd in night,
  The night where Heaven has bid him lie;
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light,
  Or PSYCHE knows, the boy will fly!*

* See the story in Apuleius. With respect to this beautiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an ingenious idea suggested by the senator Buonarotti, in his "*Osservazioni sopra alcuni frammenti di vasi antichi.*" He thinks the fable is taken from some very occult mysteries, which had long been celebrated in honour of Love and he accounts, upon this supposition for the silence of the more ancient authors upon the subject, as it was not till towards the decline of pagan superstition, that writers could venture to reveal or discuss such ceremonies; accordingly, he observes we find Lucian and Plutarch treating, without reserve, of the Dea Syria, and Isis and Osiris and Apuleius, who has given us the story of Cupid and Psyche, has also detailed some of the mysteries of Isis. See the *Giornale di Litterati d'Italia*, Tom. xxvii. articol I. See also the *Observations upon the ancient Gems in the Museum Florentinum*, Vol. i. p. 156.

Dear PSYCHE! many a charmed hour,
  Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower*
  Thy mazy foot my soul hath trac'd!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
  Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow†
  Hath chain'd thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
  Along whose verge our spirits stray,
(Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
  Half brighten'd by the eternal ray.)‡

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
  Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
The twilight walk of many a soul
  Through sunny good and evil dark;

I cannot avoid remarking here an error into which the French Encyclopédistes have been led by M. Spon, in their article Psyche. They say, "Petron fait un récit de la pompe nuptiale de ces deux amans (Amour et Psyché) Déjà, dit il," etc. etc. The Psyche of Petronius, however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage which he describes is that of the young Pannychis See *Spon's Recherches curieuses*, etc. Dissertat. 5.

* Allusions to Mrs. T—ghe's poem.

† Constancy.

‡ By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

Still be the song to PSYCHE dear,
  The song, whose dulcet tide was giv
To keep her name as fadeless, here,
  As nectar keeps her soul, in heaven!

IMPROMPTU,

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O DULCES COMITUM VALETE COETU
C

No, never shall my soul forget
  The friends I found so cordial hearte
Dear shall be the day we met,
  And dear shall be the night we parte

Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
  Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
  Fill high to him that's far away!

Long be the flame of memory found,
  Alive, when with your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round,
  O'er which oblivion dares not pass!

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

HE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

TO

HE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

NEC VENIT AD DUROS MUSA VOCATA GETAS.

Ovid ex Ponto, Lib. i. ep. 5.

FROM BUFF ALO, UPONLAKE ERIE.

THOU oft hast told me of the fairy hours
'hy heart has number'd in those classic bowers,
Vhere fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
Mid cowls and cardinals profanely flit,
.nd pagan spirits, by the pope unlaid,
[aunt every stream and sing through every shade!
here still the bard, who, (if his numbers be
[is tongue's light echo,) must have talk'd like thee,
'he courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
'hose playful. sunshine holidays of thought
ı which the basking soul reclines and glows,
Varm without toil and brilliant in repose.
'here still he roves, and laughing loves to see
[ow modern monks with ancient rakes agree;

How mitres hang, where ivy wre
twine,
And heathen Massic's damn'd fo
wine!
There too are all those wandering
song,
With whom thy spirit hath commun
Whose rarest gems are, every insta
By memory's magic on thy sparkling
But here, alas! by Eries' stormy lake
As far from thee, my lonely course I t
No bright remembrance o'er the
plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Has left that visionary glory here,
That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
Which gilds and hallows even the r
scene,
The humblest shed, where genius once
been!

All that creation's varying mass assu
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and bloo
Bold rise the mountains, rich the garde
glow,
Bright lakes expand and conquering* rive
flow;

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix' striking description of the confluence of the Mis souri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through

nd, mind alone, without whose quickening ray,
ie world's a wilderness, and man but clay,
nd, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
r blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!
.ke Christians, Mohawks, Democrats and all
om the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,
om man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
› man the civiliz'd less tame than he!
is one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
twixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
here every ill the ancient world can brew
mix'd with every grossness of the new;
here all corrupts though little can entice,
ıd nothing's known of luxury, but vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
ır golden fancy? for those dreams sublime,
hich all their miracles of light reveal
› heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
›, no—the muse of inspiration plays
er every scene; she walks the forest-maze,
ıd climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
ırns with her step, yet man regards it not!

ich it carries its white waves to the opposite shore
hout mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour
:he Mississippi, which it never loses again, but
ries quite down to the sea."—*Letter* xxvii.

All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
If thou hast got within thy free-born breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that's there:
So here I pause—and now, my HUME! we part;
But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!

O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise!*
While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
Where sovereign man can condesend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he!

* In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I alluded to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

She whispers, round, her words are i
air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing
Without one breath of soul, divinely st
One ray of heart to thaw them into so

Yet, yet forgive me, oh you sacred f
Whom late by Delaware's green ba
knew;
Whom, known and lov'd through man
cial eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas p
leave!*
Less dearly welcome were the lines of
The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
When his lone heart but faintly hop'd
One print of man, one blessed stamp of
Less dearly welcome than the liberal
The strength of reason and the warm
feel,

* In the society of Mr. Dennie and his frie
Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable m
which my tour through the States afford
Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing throu
elegant little circle that love for good literatu
sound politics, which he feels so zealously h
and which is so very rarely the characteristic
countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse
illiberality for the picture which I have given
ignorance and corruption that surround them
did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to whic
are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the
with which they defy it; and in learning fro
what Americans *can be*, I but see with the m
dignation what Americans *are*.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

———— τηνδε την πολιν φιλως
Ειπων· εταξια γαρ.
Sophocl, Œdip. Colon. v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh!

Oh nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre, that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!
Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet:
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet!

Oh but for *such*, Columbia's days we
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd
sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the c
Her fruits would fall, before her spr
o'er !

Believe me SPENCER, while I w
hours
Where Schuylkill undulates through
flowers,
Though few the days the happy ever
So warm with heart, so rich with m
flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to
And rested there, as in a dream of
And looks I met, like looks I lov'd
And voices too, which as they tremb
The chord of memory, found full
tone
Of kindness there in concord with th
Oh! we had nights of that communi
That flush of heart, which I have kn
thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth a
Of whims that taught, and follies th
When shall we both renew them? w
stor'd
To the pure feast and intellectual bo
Shall I once more enjoy with thee a
Those whims that teach, those follies
fine?

hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
Even now, as wandering upon Erie's shore,
I sigh for England—oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet!

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, 'ΩΣ ΣΟΙ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.

Euripides.

A WARNING.

To ——— ———.

Oh! fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Did nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?

No, no! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity!
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore!
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose early charms were just array'd
In nature's loveliness like thine,
And wore that clear, celestial sign,

Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For destiny's peculiar care!
Whose bosom too was once a zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes were talismans of fire
Against the spell of man's desire!
Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour,
Her charms have shed their radiant flower
The gem has been beguil'd away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind!
Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone
To memory rais'd by hands unknown,
Which, many a wintry hour, has stood
Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
To tell the traveller, as he crost,
That there some loved friend was lost!
Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
Heaven keep the lost-one's fate from thee!

To——— ———.

'Tis time, I feel to leave thee now,
  While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
  One moment's thought to stray from thee!

Oh! thou art every instant dearer—
  Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer,
  I am lost, unless I fly thee!

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
  Wish me not so soon to fall,
Duties, fame, and hopes await me,
  Oh! that eye would blast them all!

Yes yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
  As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
And would'st, without a sigh, behold
  The ruin which thyself had made!

Yet—*could* I think that, truly fond,
  That eye but once would smile on me,
Good Heaven! how much, how far beyond
  Fame, duty, hope that smile would be!

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
  Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
  The world for thee forgot, resign'd!

To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole.
And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently clos'd,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew in the bowl!
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Wav'd o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves at evening hour
With roses of Cyrene blending*
Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream!

The Olympian cup
Burn'd in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount;†
And still,
As the resplendent rill,

* We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. Εὐ σματα τα δε τα εν Κυρηνη ροδα.

† Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence. "scintilla stellaris essentiæ." Macrobius, in Somn. Scip Lib. i cap. 14.

Flam'd o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heavenly fire
In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air,
Such as the children of the pole respire,
In those enchanted lands,*
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow!
But oh!
Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy fleet career
Along the studded sphere,

* The country of the Hyperboreans: they were supposed to be placed so far north, that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, etc. etc. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined, that instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions; thus the former. Τα ὦν πτερα εικαζονται την χιονα τοις Σκυθαις τε και τοις περι ταυτην οικεοντας λεγειν. *Herodot* Lib. iv cap 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise. See *Metamorph.* Lib. xv

Mr. O'Halloram, and some other Irish Antiquarians, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where, they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland however will have it that Abaris was a Welshman, and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Rees!

With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink.
Some star, that glitter'd in the way,
  Raising its amorous head
To kiss so exquisite a tread,
    Check'd thy impatient pace!
    And all heaven's host of eyes
  Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies!*
  Upon whose starry plain they lay,
Like a young blossom on our meads of Gold,
    Shed from a vernal thorn
Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn!
Or as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
    Upon a diamond shrine!
      The wanton wind,
    Which had pursued the flying fair,
      And sweetly twin'd
    Its spirit with the breathing rings
      Of her ambrosial hair,
Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling wings.
      (Oh wanton wind!)
Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow,
Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,

* I believe it is Servius who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him: "Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, perque lubricum minus cautè incedens, cecidisset, revolutisque vestibus"—in short, she fell in a very awkward manner, and though (as the Encyclopédistes think) it would have amused Jove at any other time, yet, as he happened to be out of temper on that day, the poor girl was dismissed from her employment.

Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the mysteries!*
* * * *
* the brow of Juno flushed—
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through the strings.
Drops of etherial dew,
That burning gush'd,
As the great goblet flew
From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky!
Who was the spirit that remember'd Man
In that voluptuous hour?
And with a wing of Love
Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,
As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below!†

* The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinus portat mysteria." See the *Divine Legation*, Book ii. sect. 4.

† In the *Geoponica*, Lib. ii. cap. 17, there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. Εν ουρανω των θεων ευωχουμενων, και του νεκταρος πολλου παρακειμενου, ανασπαρεισαι χρεια τον Ερωτα και συσσεισαι τω πτερω του κρατηρος την βασιν, και περιτρεψαι μεν αυτον· το δε νεκταρ εις την γην εκχυθεν κ. τ. λ. *Vid. Auctor. de Re Rust, edit. Contab.* 1704.

Essence of immortality !
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres
While all around new tints of bliss,
New perfumes of delight,
Enrich'd its radiant flow !
Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of Heaven's illumin'd lyre,*
Stealing the soul of music in its flight!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole !
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the ball of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupendous frame
Had kindled as it rapidly revolv'd
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright !
The child of day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping

* The constellation Lyra. The Astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendenti, which are enumerated by Pontano, in his Urania :

————Ecce novem cum pectine chordas
Emodulans, mulcet que novo vaga sidera cantu,
Quo captæ nascentum animæ concordia ducunt
Pectora, etc.

On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower ;*
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed !
But, when the waking boy,
Wav'd his exhaling tresses through the sky,
O morn of joy !
The tide divine,
All glittering with the vermeil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly
WINE !

Blest be the sod, the flow'ret blest,
That caught, upon their hallow'd breast,
The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial
springs !

* The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos Ειτε Αιγυπτιοι ἑωραμως αρχην ανατολης παιδιον νεογνον γραφοντας επι λωτω καθεζομενον Plutarch. περι τυ μη χραν εμμετρ, See also his treatise *Isid. et Osir.* Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sun-rise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating it to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos, is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones See *Montfaucon*, Tom. ii. planche 158, and the *Supplément*. etc. Tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

Less sweet the flow'ret, and less sweet the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar god !*

TO ——— ———.

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again !

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins !

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother !
Repose in the sun-set of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another !

* The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated. *Plutarch Sympos.* Lib. iv. cap. 2. where (as Vossius remarks) καιουσι, instead of καλουσι, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow, *De Origin. et Progress. Idololat.* Lib. iii. cap. 13.

ANACREONTIC.

"She never look'd so kind before—
"Yet why the wanton's smile recall!
"I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
"'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said and, sighing, sipp'd
The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
Breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on LAMIA hung—
On whom but LAMIA *could* they hang!

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes, that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
Of which luxurious heaven hath cast her,
Through which her soul doth beam as white
As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet as if 'twas LAMIA's hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
And LAMIA's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
  And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
  The chord beneath my finger broke!

False harp! false woman!—such, oh! such
  Are lutes too frail and maids too willing;
Every hand's licentious touch
  Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling!

And when that thrill is most awake,
  And when you think heaven's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break—
  Oh Love! oh Music! how I hate you!

TO MRS.————.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind!
Is not thy heart a heart refin'd!
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love or Heaven can trace!
And oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near

May now repay its love with blame!
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man be first to wound thee!
Though the whole world may freeze around
thee,
Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear,*
Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congeal'd around;
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still!

HYMN

OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh! lost, for ever lost!—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day!

* This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some pointless epigrams. It was a drop of pure water inclosed within a piece of crystal. See *Claudian. Epigram. de Chrystallo cui aqua inerat.* Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; He says, "It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen." *Addison's Remarks on several Parts of Italy.*

His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elysium,* breath'd around!
With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
Of the dark veil, which many an age had hung
O'er nature's form, till by the touch of time
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it!
Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mus'd amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,†

*——————εὐθα μακαρων
νασον ὠκεανιδες
αυραι περιπνεουσιν αν-
θεμα δε χρυσω πλεγει.
Pindar. Olymp. ii.

† Cham the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article Cham The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus, or the impostor Annius, and a few more such respectable testimonies,- See *Naudé's Analogie pour les Grands Hommes*, etc. Chap. 8, where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear!
Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here!
Am I not still thy soul's employ!
And oh! as oft, at close of day
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd the choral lay,
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green;
So still, each little grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread!
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony!
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To memory so divinely dear!

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὥσπερ σφραγιδες τα φιλημματα.

Achilles Tatius, Lib. i.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken!—once betray'd
"Oh! never can my heart rely
"On word or look, on oath or sigh.
"Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
"With promis'd faith and vows to Heaven;
"That little ring which, night and morn,
"With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
"That seal, which oft in moment blest,
"Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
"And sworn its dewy spring should be
"A fountain seal'd* for only thee!
"Take, take them back the gift and vow,
"All sullied, lost and hateful now!"

* "There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain which they say is the 'sealed fountain,' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking." *Maundrell's Travels.* See also the *Notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.*

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While oh! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled!
Gently I whisper'd, "FANNY, dear!
"Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
"Say, where are all the seals he gave
"To every ringlet's jetty wave,
"And where is every one he printed
"Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted,
"Seals, of the purest gem of bliss
"Oh! richer, softer, far than this!

"And then the ring—my love! recall
"How many rings, delicious all,
"His arms around that neck hath twisted,
"Twining warmer far than this did!
"Where are they all, so sweet so many!
"Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!"
While thus I murmur'd, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vow'd was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like day-light o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew!
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh, who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals!

TO MISS SUSAN B——CKF——D.

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd like thee, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh! why should fairy fancy keep
"These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my life has lov'd to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combin'd
  Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pin'd
  For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all, at last,
  In thee, thou sweetest, living lyre,
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
  Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
  In fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
  Are realiz'd, at once, in thee!

Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible and dark;
Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch

cerns of mankind. Ει γαρ τις επιμελεια τον ανθρωπινου ὑπο θεων γινεται It is true, he adds, Ὡσπερ δοκει, but even this is very sceptical

In these erroneous conceptions of Aristotle, we trace the cause of that general neglect, which his philosophy experienced among the early Christians. Plato is seldom much more orthodox, but the obscure enthusiasm of his style allowed them to interpret all his fancies to their purpose; such glowing steel was easily moulded, and Platonism became a sword in the hands of the fathers

The Providence of the Stoics, so vaunted in their school, was a power as contemptibly inefficient as the rest. All was fate in the system of the Portico. The chains of destiny were thrown over Jupiter himself, and their deity was like Borgia, et Cæsar et nihil. Not even the language of Seneca can reconcile this degradation of divinity. "Ille ipse omnium conditor ac rector scripsit quidam fata, sed sequitur; semper paret, semel jussit." *Lib. de Providentiâ*, Cap. 5.

With respect to the difference between the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Academicians, the following words of Cicero prove that he saw but little to distinguish them from each other. "Peripateticos et Academicos, nominibus differentes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici ipsi verbis magis quam sententiis dissenserunt." *Academic.* Lib. ii. 5. and perhaps what Reid has remarked upon one of their points of controversy might be applied as effectually to the reconcilement of all the rest. "The dispute between the Stoics and Peripatetics was probably all for want of definition. The one said they were good under the control of reason, the other that they should be eradicated." *Essays*, Vol. iii. In short, from the little which I know upon the subject, it appears to me as difficult to establish the boundaries of opinion between any two of the philosophical sects, as it

Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe,
And flowers of joy my path may go!
How many an humble still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the last current cease to run!
Oh, may my falls be bright as thine!
May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS! if I were Persia's king,
  I'd make my graceful queen of thee:
While FANNY, wild and artless thing,
  Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it—
  That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
  Forsake the mistress for the maid!

TO MISS ———.

WITH woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
  One knows not where to take you;
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
  Or what she meant to make you.

Yet stay—you need not take the pains
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains
  For man or maid's desiring;
Pert as females, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale—
  The thing's not worth inquiring!

TO ——— ———.

ON HER ASKING ME TO ADDRESS A POEM TO HER.

SINE VENERE FRIGET APOLLO.

Ægid. Menagius.

How can I sing of fragrant sighs
  I ne'er have felt from thee!
How can I sing of smiling eyes,
  That ne'er have smil'd on me?

The heart, 'tis true, may fancy much,
  But, oh! 'tis cold and seeming—
One moment's real, rapturous touch
  Is worth an age of dreaming!

Think'st thou, when JULIA's lip and breast
  Inspir'd my youthful tongue,
I coldly spoke of lips unprest,
  Nor felt the heaven I sung?

No, no, the spell, that warm'd so long,
  Was still my JULIA's kiss,
And still the girl was paid, in song,
  What she had giv'n in bliss!

Then beam one burning smile on me.
  And I will sing those eyes;
Let me but feel a breath from thee.
  And I will praise thy sighs.

That rosy mouth alone can bring
  What makes the bard divine—
Oh, Lady! how my lip would sing,
  If once 'twere prest to thine!

SONG

OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.*

QUÆ VIA DIFFICILIS, QUAQUE EST VIA NULLA. . . .
Ovid. Metam. Lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirstly thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along,
Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home!*
Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And he cayman† loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,‡

* "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." *Morse's American Geography.*

† The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

‡ This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

Lone beneath a roof of blood,
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither
Eyes that blast and wings that wither
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying!
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air
To the Fiend presiding there!*

* "We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, etc. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places," See *Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.*

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian,

Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO MRS. HENRY T——GHE,

ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

1802.

Tell me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine!

who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." See *Hennepin's Voyage into North America.*

TO MRS. ———.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign, consoling Dear!
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long, my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.—
Where are the chords she used to touch?
Where are the songs she lov'd so much?
The songs are hush'd, the chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of friendship soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast!
Yet no—the simple notes I play'd
On memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear,
May all be lost on Anna's ear;
But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain;
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies which tremble there!

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

ıITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.*

ET REMIGEM CANTUS HORTATUR.
Quintilian.

ıINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
ır voices keep tune and our oars keep time,

* I wrote these words to an air, which our boat-
:n sung to us very frequently. The wind was so
favourable, that they were obliged to row all the
ıy, and we were five days in descending the river
m Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense
n during the day, and at night forced to take shel-
· from the dews in any miserable hut upon the
nks that would receive us But the magnificent
ɜnery of the St. Lawrence repays all these diffi-
lties.
Our *Voyageurs* had good voices, and sung per-
:tly in tune together. The original words of the
:, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to
a long, incoherent story, of which I could under-
ınd but little, from the barbarous pronunciation
the Canadians. It begins,

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

ıd the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have pub
hed it. Without that charm, which association
ves to every little memorial of scenes or feelings
at are past, the melody may perhaps be thought
mmon and trifling; but I remember when we
ve entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful
kes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and

Oh! sweetly we'll rest ou
Blow, breezes, blow, the
The Rapids are near and

Utawas' tide! this trembl
Shall see us float over thy
Saint of this green isle!
Oh! grant us cool heaven
Blow, breezes, blow, the
The Rapids are near and

unexpectedly opens, I have
with a pleasure which the fin
first masters have never give
is not a note of it, which does
ory the dip of our oars in t
flight of our boat down the ra
and fanciful impressions to
alive, during the whole of th
age.

The above stanzas are su
those voyagers, who go to th
the Utawas river For an a
ful undertaking see *Sir Alexa*
ral History of the Fur Trad

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE

LADY CHARLOTTE R—WD—N.

TO THE

LADY CHARLOTTE R—WD—N.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NOT many months have now been dream'd
away
Since yonder sun,(beneath whose evening ray
We rest our boat among these Indian Isles,)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred to the
groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf!*
There listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to
steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude luxuriant note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,

* Avendò essi per costume di avere in veneratione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettaccoli di anime beate. *Pietro della Valle*, Part. Second. Lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

Believes it still some answering e
And thinks it all too sweet to be l
I dream'd not then that, ere the r
Had fill'd its circle, I should wan
In musing awe; should tread thi
world,
See all its store of inland waters
In one vast volume down Niagar
Or calm behold them in transpar
Where the blue hills of old Toron
Their evening shadows o'er Onta
Should trace the grand Cadaraqu
Down the white Rapids of his lor
Through massy woods, through is
ing fair,
Through shades of bloom, whe
sinful pair,

* When I arrived at Chippewa, miles of the Falls, it was too late to thi them that evening, and I lay awake a the sound of the cataract in my ears. lowing I consider as a kind of era in r the first glimpse which I caught of tho Falls gave me a feeling which nothing can ever excite again.

To Colonel Brock, of the 49th, who at the Fort, I am particularly indebted ness to me during the fortnight I rema gara. Among many pleasant days wh with him and his brother-officers, that to the Tuscarora Indians was not the l ing. They received us in all their anci the young men exhibited for our amus race, the batgame, etc. while the old an sat in groups under the surrounding tr picture altogether was as beautiful as i me.

For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man
Jag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies, like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star,*
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night!
Here, as long as this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake,† gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:

*Anburey in his travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence Vol. i. p. 29.

† The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

From the clime of sacred doves,*
Where the blessed Indian roves,
Through the air on wing, as white
As the spirit-stones of light,†
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Appallachian mounts!
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air ‡
Then, when I have stray'd awhile

* The departed spirit goes into the Country o Souls, where, according to some, it is transforme into a dove." *Charlevoix, upon the Traditions an the Religion of the Savages of Canada.* See the cu rious *Fable of the Am rican Orpheus in Lafitau* Tom. i p. 402

† The mountains appeared to be sprinkled wit white stones, which glistened in the sun, and wer called by the Indians mane'oe aseniah, or spiri stones." *Mackenzie's Journal.*

‡ I was thinking here of what Carver says s beautifully in his description of one of these lake "When it was calm and the sun shone bright, could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upward of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stor at the bottom, of different shapes, some of whic appeared as if they had been hewn, the water wa at this time as pure and transparent as air, and m canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that el ment. It was impossible to look attentively throug this limpid medium, at the rocks below, withou finding, before many minutes were elapsed, you head swim and your eyes no longer able to behol the dazzling scene."

Through the Manataulin isle,*
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-bird† I fly
Where beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves!‡
Then I chase the flow'ret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,

Après avoir traversé plusieurs iles peu considé
s nous en trouvames le quatrieme jour une fa-
se, nommée l'Isle de Manitoualin *Voyages du*
on de Lahontan, Tom. 1. Lett 15. Manataulin
ifies a place of Spirits, and this Island in Lake
on is held sacred by the indians

† "The Wakon-bird, which probably is of the
e species with the bird of paradise, receives its
ie from the ideas the Indians have of its superi-
xcellence; the Wakon-bird being, in their lan-
ge, the Bird of the Great Spirit." *Morse.*

‡ The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a
siderable distance by a large pond-lilly, whose
es spread thickly over the surface of the lake,
form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in sum-

Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip!

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread* loves to creep.
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,†
Till with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!
Oft when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the grey moose sheds his horns.
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wig-wam's cheering ray,

* "The gold-thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow." *Morse.*

† L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistance des fleurs comme les abeilles; son nid est faint d'un coton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre. *Voyages aux Indes Occidentales*, par M. Bossu. Second Part, lett. xx.

Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird* soft and fair
As the fleece that Heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears!
There, amid the Island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung
Virgins,† who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;

* Emberiza hyemalis. See *Imlay's Kentucky*, page 280.

† Lafitau wishes to believe, for the sake of his theory, that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians; but I am afraid that Jacques Carthier, upon whose authority he supports himself, meant any thing but vestal institutions by the "cabanes publiques" which he met with at Montreal. See Lafitau, *Mœurs des Sauvages Americains, etc.* Tom. i. p. 173.

And now, fresh day-light o'er the water
beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering
streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,*
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flowret's
hue
Hath something strange and every leaf is
new!
I never feel a bliss so pure and still
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Or breeze, or echo, or some wild-flower's
smell,
(For, who can say what small and fairy ties
The memory flings o'er pleasure, as it flies!)

* Vidi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
Che l' ale sue tra liti si lontani.
Vedi come 'l ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando 'l aere con l' eterne penne;
Che non si mutan, come mor al pelo
Dante, Purgator Cant. ii.

ninds my heart of many a sylvan dream
ıce indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream,
ıll my sunny morns and moonlight nights
Donnington's green lawns and breezy
heights!

/hether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
en I have seen thee cu.l the blooms of lore,
:h him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
ster's idol and a nation's pride!
en thou hast read of heroes, trophied high,
.ncient fame, and I have seen thine eye
'n to the living hero, while it read,
pure and brightening comments on the
dead!
whether memory to my mind recalls
: festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
en guests have met around the sparkling
board,
l welcome warm'd the cup that luxury
pour'd;
en the bright future Star of England's
Throne,
h magic smile, hath o'er the banquet
shone,
ıning respect, nor claiming what he won,
tempering greatness, like an evening sun
ose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
rious but mild, all softness yet all fire!—
atever hue my recollections take,
n the regret, the very pain they wake
ear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
y! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er

These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded on my eyes!

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS ———, OF MONTREAL.

'TWAS but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded the impressions of many an hour:
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime!
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower,
Oh! could we have stol'n but one rapturous day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we could look, and imagine, and say,
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week,
As others would take a millennium in feeling!

WRITTEN

ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND*

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

Late in the Evening, September 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark!
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines where suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality, with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather however was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear!
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew,
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew!

To deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!
Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,*

LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1804.

ΤΙ ΚΑΚΟΝ 'Ο ΓΕΛΩΣ;

ΓΤΗ triumph this morning, oh! Boston! I hail
e stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
r they tell me I soon shall be wafted in thee,
the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
d that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand†
the last I shall tread of American land.

Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with om I returned to England, and to whom I am in- ted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, he same time, do injustice to my own feelings of atitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe .

Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova- tia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him his visit to the College, which they have lately blished at Windsor, about forty miles from Hal- , and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by beauty and fertility of the country which opened n us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by ich Halifax is surrounded. I was told that, in velling onwards, we should find the soil and the

Well—peace to the land! may th
at length,
Know that freedom is bliss, but tha
is strength;
That though man have the wings o
terless wind,
Of the wantonest air that the north c
bind,
Yet if health do not sweeten the blas
her bloom,
Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfum
Unblest is the freedom and dreary the
That but wanders to ruin and wanto
blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with reg
May they sometimes recall, what I can
forget,
That communion of heart and that parle
soul,
Which has lengthen'd our nights and illu
our bowl,
When they've ask'd me the manners,
mind, or the mein
Of some bard I had known, or some ch
had seen,

scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasu
know that the worthy Governor has by no m
such an "inamable regnum" as I was, at first
inclined to believe.

Whose glory, though distant, they long had
ador'd,
Whose name often hallow'd the juice of their
board!
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the pow-
erful stream
Of America's empire should pass, like a
dream,
Without leaving one fragment of genius to
say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd
away!
Farewell to the few—though we never may
meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my
name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the
same
I have been to them now, young, unthought-
ful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest!

But, DOUGLAS! while thus I endear to my
mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave be-
hind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine
eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,

That the faint coming breeze will be i
our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the fall
night.
Dear DOUGLAS! thou knowest, with th
my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy c
age to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summer
seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shi
but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shor
That I could not with patience, with pleasur
explore!
Oh! think then how happy I follow thee now,
When hope sooths the billowy path of our
prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-spring-
ing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart
is inshrin'd;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me
again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to
my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could
part!—
But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to
swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia
farewell!

TO LADY H———,

ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, *August*, 1805.

WHEN Grammont grac'd these happy springs
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever rul'd these gay, gallant isles;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd
And lovely Stewart smil'd like you!

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because, as yet, she knew no better!

Each night they held a coterie,
Where every fear to slumber charm'd
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd!

They call'd up all their school-day pranks,
Nor thought it might their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As—"Why are husbands like the Mint!"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is just to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
"Like a young widow, fresh and fair!"
Because it wants some hand to raise
The weeds, which "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they parried,
And some lay-in of full-grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring,
For breaking grave conundrum rites,
Or punning ill, or—some such thing;

From whence it can be fairly trac'd
Though many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it grac'd
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then—to you
Oh Tunbridge! and your springs ironical,
I swear by H—the—te's eye of blue
To dedicate the important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles' love in H—the—te live,
And Charles' bards revive in Rogers!

Let no pedantic fools be there,
For ever be those fops abolish'd
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, Heaven knows! not half so polish'd.

ll receive the mild, the gay,
few, who know the rare delight
ling Grammont every day,
acting Grammont every night!

TO —— ——.

. mind how the pedagogue proses,
want not antiquity's stamp,
, that's so scented by roses,
never must smell of the lamp.

be, whose withering kisses
e long set the loves at defiance,
one with the of science blisses!
fly to the blisses of science!

Sappho, for want of employments,
e o'er her Ovid may melt,
nn'd but to read of enjoyments,
ch wiser Corinna had felt.

you to be buried in books—
FANNY! they're pitiful sages,
ould not in *one* of your looks
l more than in millions of pages!

omy finds in your eye
er light than she studies above,
usic must borrow your sigh
ie melady dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
  In a minute, their doubts and their qu
    rels;
Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
  And 'twill soon put an end to their mora

Your Arithmetic only can trip
  When to kiss and to count you endeavou
But eloquence glows on your lip
  When you swear, that you'll love me f
    ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
  Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
  Man never need wish to go through!

And, oh!—if a fellow like me
  May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
  My divine little Mistress of Arts!

EXTRACT

FROM

"THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS."*

ΝΟΣΤΟΥ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΙΣ ΓΑΥΚΕΡΟΥ.
Chrysost. Homlin. in Epist. ad Hebræos.

* * * *

But, whither have these gentle ones,
The rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
Led my truant brains a dancing!
Instead of wise encomiastics
Upon the Doctors and Scholastics,
Polymaths, and Polyhistors,
Polyglots and—all their sisters,
The instant I have got the whim in,
Off I fly with nuns and women,
Like epic poets, ne'er at ease
Until I've stol'n "in medias res!"
So have I known a hopeful youth
Sit down, in quest of lore and truth,

* I promised that I would give the remainder of this Poem, but, as my critics do not seem to relish the sublime learning which it contains, they shall have no more of it. With a view however to the edification of these gentlemen, I have prevailed on an industrious friend of mine, who has read a great number of unnecessary books, to illuminate the extract with a little of his precious erudition.

Absorbs the boy, he [illegible]
And through the window of his st
Beholds a virgin fair and ruddy,
With eyes, as brighly turn'd up
The angel's‡ were on Hyeronym

* Mamurra, a dogmatic philosophe
doubted about any thing, except who w
"Nulla de unquam præterquam de p
vit" In vit.—He was very learned—
(that is, in his head when it was open
que heurte le Persan, le'Hébreu choqu
pour ne point parler de la mauvise
du Latin avec le Grec," etc. See
Montmaur, Tom. ii. page 91.

† Bombastus was one of the name
scholar and quack Paracelsus. "P
bastus latet sub splendido tegmine
phrasti Paracelsi" says Stadelius de
Literatorum vanitate —He used to
every night with a broad-sword, to
terror of his pupil 'pornus, who h
circumstance. (Vide *Oporin Vit.*
Gryph. Vit. Select quorundam E
etc.) Paracelsus had but a poor o
[illegible] says he in his *P.*

Saying, 'twas just as sweet to kiss her—oh!
Far more sweet than reading Cicero!
Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
Old Homer's laurell'd brow is batter'd
And Sappho's skin to Tully's leather,
All are confus'd and tost together!
Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
Oh woman! for thy lovelier page:
Sweet book! unlike the books of art.
Whose errors are thy fairest part;
In whom, the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume,*
But, to begin in my subject rhyme—
'Twas just about this devilish time,
When scarce there happen'd any frolics
That were not done by Diabolics.
A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
Who woman scorn'd, nor knew the use of her,
A branch of Dagon's family,
(Which Dagon, whether He or She,

Pantenus assurss us. Ουχ' ὡς ημιν-τα ωτα, 'ϐτως εκεινοις 'η γλαττα· ϐδ' αν οργανα τις δων φωνης αγγελοις *Clem. Alexand. Stromat.* Now, how an angel could scold without a tongue, I shall leave the angelic Mrs. —— to determine.

* The idea of the Rabbins about the origin of woman is singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage behind, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded;—

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail like an ideot again,
And he makes a deplorable ape of himself.
Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers the original plan
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he—leaves her behind him as much as he can

Is a dispute that vastly better is
Referr'd to Scaliger* et cæteris,}
Finding that in this cage of fools,
The wisest sots adorn the schools,
Took it at once his head Satanic in.
To grow a great scholastic mannikin.
A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,†
Lully, Hales irrefragabilis
Or any doctor of the rabble is!
In languages,‡ the Polyglots,
Compar'd to him, were Babel sots;
He chatter'd more than ever Jew did.
Sanhedrim and Priest included,
Priest and holy Sanhedrim
Where one-and-seventy fools to him!
But chief the learned demon felt a
Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,

* *Scaliger. de Emendat. Tempor.*—Dagon was thought by others to be a certain sea-monster, who came every day out of the Red Rea to teach the Syrians husbandry. See *Jacques Gaffarel's Curiosités inouïes*, Chap. i. He says he thinks this story of the sea-monster "carries little show of probability with it."

† I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the Commentary on Boethius, attributed to Thomas Aquinas, be really the work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some bold assertions hazarded in it: for instance, he says that Plato kept school in a town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with. "Alcibiades mullier fuit pulcherrima, quam videntes quidam discipuli Aristotelis, etc. See *Freytag. Adparat. Litterar.* Art. 86. tom. i.

‡ The following compliment was paid to Laurentius Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of the Latin language:

That, all for Greek and learning's glory,*
He nightly tippled "Græco more,"
And never paid a bill or balance
Except upon the Grecian Kalends,
From whence your scholars, when they want
trick!
Say, to be At-tick's to be on tick!

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.

Since Val arrived in Pluto's shade,
His nouns and pronouns all so pat in,
Pluto himself would be afraid
To ask even "what's o'clock" in Latin!

These lines may be found in the *Auctorum Censio* of Du Verdier (page 29,) an excellent critic, if he could have eitheir felt or understood any one of the works which he criticises.

* It is much to be regretted that Martin Luther, with all his talents for reforming, should yet be vulgar enough to laugh at Camerarius for writing to him in Greek. "Master Joachin" says he, "has sent me some dates and some raisins, and has also written me two letters in Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall answer them in Turkish, that he too may have the pleasure of reading what he does not understand."—"Græca sunt, legi non possunt," is the ignorant speech attributed to Accursius; but very unjustly—far from asserting that Greek could not be read, that worthy jurisconsult upon the Law 6. D. de Bonor. possess. expressly says, "Græcæ literæ possunt intelligi et legi." (Vide *Nov. Libror. Rarior. Collection Fasciculi IV.*)—Scipio Carteromachus seems to think that there is no salvation out of the pale of Greek Literature: "Via prima salutis Graia pandetur ab urbe." And the zeal of Laurentius Rhodomannus cannot be sufficiently admired, when he exhorts his countrymen "per gloriam Christi, per salutem patriæ, per reipublicæ decus et emolumentium" to study the Greek language. Nor must we forget Phavorinus, the excellent Bishop of Nocera, who, careless of all the usual commendations of a Christian, required *no further eulogium* on his tomb than "Here lieth a *Greek Lexicographer*."

In logics, he was quite Ho Panu!*
Knew as much as ever man knew.
He fought the combat syllogistic
With so much skill and art eristic,
That though you were the learned Stagyrite,
At once upon the hip he had you right!
Sometimes indeed his speculations
Were view'd as dangerous innovations.
As thus—the Doctor's house did harbour a
Sweet blooming girl, whose name was Barbara:
Oft when his heart was in a merry key,
He taught this maid his esoterica,
And sometimes, as cure for hectics,
Would lecture her in dialectics,
How far their zeal let him and her go
Before they came to sealing Ergo,
Or how they placed the medius terminus.
Our chronicles do not determine us;
But so it was—by some confusion
In this their logical prælusion,
The Doctor wholly spoil'd, they say,
The figure† of young Barbara;

* Ο ΠΑΝΥ The introduction of this language into English poetry has a good effect, and ought to be more universally adopted. A word or two of Greek in a stanza would serve as a ballast to the most "light o' love" verses. Ausonius, among the ancients, may serve as a model:

Ου γαρ μοι θεμις εστιν in hac regione, μενοντι
Αξοι ab nostris ενιδ ευεα esse καμηνοις.

Ronsard, the French poet, has enriched his sonnets and odes with many an exquisite morsel from the Lexicon. His *Chere Entelechie*, in addressing his mistress, is admirable, and can only be matched by Cowley's *Antiperistasis*.

† The first figure of simple syllogisms, to which Barbara belongs, together with Celarent, Darii, and Ferio.

And thus, by many a snare sophistic,
And enthymeme paralogistic,
Beguil'd a maid, who could not give,
So save her life, a negative.*
In music, though he had no ears
Except for that among the spheres,
(Which most of all, as he averr'd it,
He dearly loved, 'cause no one heard it,)
Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
And find, by Euclid's corollaria
The ratios of a jig or aria.
But, as for all your warbling Delias,
Orpheuses and Saint Cecilias,
He own'd he thought them much surpass'd
By that redoubted Hyaloclast†
Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,
Where'er he went to crack a bottle!
Likewise to show his mighty knowledge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
Like that great little man Albertus,
Wherein he show'd the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry,

* Because the three propositions in the mood of Barbara are universal affirmatives.—The poet borrowed this equivoque upon Barbara from a curious Epigram which Menckenius gives in a note upon his *Essays de Charlataneria Eruditorum*. In the *Nuptiæ Peripateticæ* of Caspar Barlæus, the reader will find some facetious applications of the terms of logic to matrimony. Crambe's treatise on Syllogisms, in Martinus Scriblerus, is borrowed chiefly from the *Nuptiæ Peripateticæ* of Barlæus.

† Or Glass-Breaker—Morhofias has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work published 1682. "*De vitreo ceypho fracto*," etc.

If boy the baby chance to be,
He cries OA!—if girl, OE!—
These are, says he, exceeding fair hin
Respecting their first sinful parents;
"Oh Eve!" exclaimeth little madam,
While little master cries "Oh Adam!"*
In point of science astronomical
It seem'd to him extremely comical
That, once a year, the frolic sun
Should call at Virgo's house for fun,
And stop a month and blaze around her
Yet leave her Virgo, as he found her!
But, 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics,
Our dæmon play'd his first and top tricks.
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor;
That glasses are the best utensils
To catch the eye's bewilder'd pencils;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and pure reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumper's blaze,
Where by the Doctors look'd. in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon!
He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great emporium,
To which these noted picture stealers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.
In many an optical proceeding
The brain he said show'd great good breeding;

* This is translated almost literally from a passage in *Albertus de Secretis, etc.*—I have not the book by me, or I would transcribe the words.

or instance, when ogle women,
a trick which Barbara tutor'd him in,)
although the dears are apt to get in a
range position on the retina,
et instantly the modest brain
oth set them on their legs again !*
ur doctor thus with "stuff'd sufficiency
f all omnigenous omnisciency
egan (as who would not begin
hat had, like him, so much within ?)
o let it out in books of all sorts,
olios, quartos, large and small sorts ;
oems, so very deep and sensible
hat they were quite incomprehensible,†
rose, which had been at learning's Fair,
nd bought up all the trumpery there,

* Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, r which, notwithstanding the inversion of the age upon the retina, a correct impression of the bject is conveyed to the sensorium

† Under this description, I believe, "the Devil nong the Scholars may be included. Yet Leibneitz und out the uses of incomprehensibility, when he as appointed secretary to a society of philosophers Nuremberg, merely for his merit in writing a callistical letter one word of which neither they or himself could interpret. See the *Eloge Histoque de M. de Leibnitz, l'Europe Savante.*—People all ages have loved to be puzzled. We find Cicro thanking Atticus for having sent him a work of erapion "ex quo (says he) quidem ego (quod inter os liceat dicere) millesimam partem vix intelligo." ib. 2. Epist. 4. And we know that Avicen, the arned Arabian, read Aristotle's *Metaphysics* rty times over, for the supreme pleasure of being ble to inform the world that he could not compreend one syllable throughout them. *Nicholas lassa in Vit. Avicen.*

The tatter'd rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans drest.
And o'er her figure swoln and antic
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those, who saw the fits she so had.
Declar'd unhappy prose was mad!
Epics he wrote and scores of rebusses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's;
Eggs and altars, cyclopœdias,
Grammars, prayer books—oh! twere tedious,
Did I but tell the half, to follow me,
Nor the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank Heaven! have miss'd us,)
E'er fill'd with lumber such a ware-room
As this great "porcus literarum!"

* * *

FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL.*

TO G. M, ESQ.

FROM FREDERICKSBURGH, VIRGINIA,† JUNE 2d.

DEAR George! though every bone is aching,
After the shaking

* These fragments form but a small part of a ridiculous medley of prose and doggerel, into which, for my amusement, I threw some of the incidents of my journey. If it were even in a more rational form, there is yet much of it too allusive and too personal for publication

† Having remained about a week at New-York, where I saw Madame Jerome Bonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, (the only things that

I've had this week, over ruts and ridges,*
And bridges,
Made of a few uneasy planks,†
In open ranks,
Like old women's teeth, all loosely thrown
Over rivers of mud, whose names alone
Would make the knees of stoutest man knock
Rappahannock,
Occoquan—the heavens may barbour us!
Who ever heard of names so barbarous?

particularly awakened my attention,) I sailed again in the Boston for Norfolk, from whence I proceeded on my tour to the northward, through Williamsburgh, etc. At Richmond there are a few men of considerable talents. Mr. Wickham, one of their celebrated legal characters, is a gentleman, whose manners and mode of life would do honour to the most cultivated societies. Judge Marshall, the author of Washington's Life, is another very distinguished ornament of Richmond. These gentlemen, I must observe, are of that respectable, but at present, unpopular party, the Federalists.

* What Mr. Weld says of the continual necessity of balancing or trimming the stage, in passing over some of the wretched roads in America, is by no means exaggerated. "The driver frequently had to call to the passengers in the stage, to lean out of the carriage, first at one side then on the other, to prevent it from oversetting in the deep ruts with which the road abounds! 'Now, gentlemen, to the right;' upon which the passengers all stretched their bodies half way out of the carriage, to ballance it on that side. 'Now, gentlemen to the left;' and so on"—*Weld's Travels*, Letter 3.

† Before the stage can pass one of these bridges, the driver is obliged to stop and arrange the loose planks of which it is composed, in the manner that best suits his ideas of safety: and, as the planks are again disturbed by the passing of the coach, the next travellers who arrive have of course a new arrangement to make. Mahomet (as Sale tells us)

Worse than M***'s Latin,
Or the smoothe codicil
To a witch's will, where she brings her cat
I treat my goddess ill,
(My muse I mean) to make her speak 'em
Like the Verbum Græcum,
Spermagoraiolekitholakanopolides,*
Words that ought only be said upon holida
When one has nothing else to do.
But dearest George though every bone
aching
After this shaking,
And trying to regain the socket,
From which the stage thought fit to rock
I fancy I shall sleep the better
For having scrawld a kind of letter
To you.
It seems to me like—"George, go
night!"
Though far the spot I date it from;
To which I fancy, while I write,
Your answer back—"Good-night t'
Tom."

But do not think that I shall turn all
Sorts of quiddities,
And insipidities,
Into my journal;

was at some pains to imagine a precarious kind
bridge for the entrance of paradise, in order to
hance the pleasures of arrival: a Virginian brid
I think would have answered his purpose complete

* Σπερμαγοραιολεκιθολαχανοπωλίδες. From the I
sistrata of Aristophanes, v. 458.

That I shall tell you the different prices
Of eating, drinking, and such other vices,
To "contumace your appetite's acidities!"
No, no; the Muse too delicate bodied is
For such commodities!
Neither suppose, like fellow of college, she
Can talk of conchology,
Or meteorology;
Or, that a nymph, who wild as comet errs,
Can discuss barometers,
Farming tools, statistic histories,
Geography, law, or such like mysteries,
For which she does'nt care thee skips of
Prettiest flea, that e'er the lips of
Catherine Roache look'd smiling upon,
When bards of France all, one by one,
Declar'd that never did hand approach,
Such a flea as was caught upon Cathreine
Roache!*

* * * * *

Sentiment, George, I'll talk when I've got
any,
And botany—

* This phrase is taken verbatim from an account of an expedition to Drummond's Pond, by one of those many Americans who profess to think that the English language, as it has been hitherto written, is deficient in what they call republican energy. One of the savans of Washington is far advanced in the construction of a new language for the United States, which is supposed to be a mixture of Hebrew and Mixmak.

† Alluding to a collection of poems, called "La Puce des grands-jours de Poitiers." They were all written upon a flea, which Stephen Pasquier found on the bosom of the famous Catherine des Roaches, one morning during the *grands-jours* of Poitiers. I ask pardon of the learned Catherine's memory, for my vulgar alteration of her most respectable name.

From adulterous gardens to
I'll send you some Dionæ M
And, into Bartram's book if
Pretty and florid description
This "ludicrous, lobed; ca
of—"†
The Lord deliver
Think of a vegitable being
And, George be
I'll treat you too, like Lianc
(Nor thou be risit
With all the views so strikin
Which one *might* have of
If it were visible.

* * *

And now to tell you the ga
Of my stage socie
There was a quaker, who r
took,
Pious and big as a Polyglott

That lips so ready for a lover,
Should not beneath their ruby casket cover
One tooth of pearl!!*
But, like a rose beside the church-yard-stone,
Be doom'd to blush o'er many a mouldering bone!
There was * * * *
There was a student of the college too,
Who said
Much more about the riches of his head
Than, if there were an income-tax on brains,
His head could venture to acknowledge to.
I ask'd the Scholar,
If his—what d'ye call her!
Alma Mater and her Bishop
Properly follow'd the Marquis's wish up,†

might be seen, were it not for the greatness of the distance, which renders that prospect impossible.' See his travels.

* Polygnotus was the first painter, says Pliny, who showed the teeth in his portraits. He would scarcely I think have been tempted to such an innovation in America.

† The Marquis de Castellux, in his wise letter to Mr. Madison, Professor of Philosophy in the College of William and Mary at Williamsburgh, dwells with much earnestness on the attention which should be paid to dancing. See his Travels. This college, the only one in the state of Virginia, and the first which I saw in America, gave me but a melancholy idea of republican seats of learning. That contempt for the elegancies of education, which the American democrats affect, is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia: the young men, who look for advancement, study rather to be demagogues than politicians; and as every thing that distinguishes from the multitude is supposed to be invidious and unpopular, the leveling system is applied to education, and has had the effect which it

And were much advancing
In dancing!

* * * * *

The evening now grew dark and still;
The whip-poor-will
Sung pensively on every tree;
And straight I fell into a reverie
Upon that man of gallantry and pith,
Captain Smith.*

partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance. The Abbe Raynal, in his prophetic admonitions to the Americans, directing their attention very strongly to learned establishments, says "When the youth of a country are seen depraved, the nation is on the decline." I know not what the Abbe Raynal would pronounce of this nation now, were he alive to know the morals of the young students at Williamsburgh! But when he wrote, his countrymen had not yet introduced the "doctrinam deos spernentem" into America.

* John Smith, a famous traveller, and by far the most interprizing of the first settlers in Virginia. How much he was indebted to the interesting young Pocahuntas, daughter of King Powhatan, may be seen in all the histories of this colony. In the dedication of his own work to the Dutchess of Richmond he thus enumerates his *bonnes fortunes:* "Yet my comfort is, that heretofore honourable and vertuous ladies, and comparable but among themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers. Even in forraine parts I have felt reliefe from that sex. The beauteous lady Trabigzanda, when I was a slave to the Turks, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the Charitable lady Callamata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of my extremities, that blessed Pocahuntas, the great King's daughter of Virginia oft saved my life."

Davis, in his whimsical Travels through America, has manufactured into a kind of romance the loves of Mr. Rolfe with this "opaci maxima mundi," Pocahuntas.

And very strange it seem'd to me,
ıat, after having kiss'd so grand a
ıme as Lady Trabigzanda,
By any chance he
Could take a fancy
ı a nymph, with such a copper front as
Pocahuntas!
ıd now, as through the gloom so dark,
ıe fire-flies scatter'd many a fiery spark,*
ı one that glitter'd on the quaker's bonnet,
I wrote a sonnet.†

* * * * *

d——
two lines more had just completed it:
t, at the moment I repeated it,
Our stage,
hich good Brissot with brains so critical
And sage,
Calleth the true "machine political")‡

The lively and varying illumination, with which se fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives te an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches, lévelloppant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'apchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers sins, qu'ils mettaient tout en feu, nous rendant ue de leurs beaux fruits dores que la nuit avait ie," etc. etc. See *l'Historie des Antilles*, Art. 2, p. iv. liv. 1.

For the Sonnet, see page 122.

"The American stages are the true political riages." Brissot's Travels, Letter 6th.—There ıothing more amusing than the philosophical *sinies* of these French travellers. In one of the ers of Claviere, prefixed to those of Brissot, upon ir plan for establishing a republic of philoso-ırs in some part of the western world, he intreats ssot to be particular in choosing a place "where re are no musquetoes: forsooth, ne quid respubli-detrimenti caperet!

With all its load of uncles, scholars, niec
Together jumbled,
Tumbled
Into a rut and fell to pieces!

* * * * *

Good night!—my bed must be,
By this time, warm enough for me,
Because I find old Ephraim Steady,
And Miss his niece are there already!
Some cavillers
Object to sleep with fellow-travellers;
But * * * *
Saints protect the pretty quaker,
Heaven forbid that I should wake her!

TO A FRIEND.

When next you see the black ey'd *Caty*,
The loving languid girl of Hayti,*
Whose finger so expertly plays
Amid the ribbon's silken maze,
Just like Aurora, when she ties,
A rainbow round the morning skies!

Say, that I hope, when winter's o'er
On Norfolk's bank again to rove,
And then shall search the ribbon store
For some of *Caty's* softest *love*.

* Among the West-Indian French at Norfc
there are some very interesting Saint Domingo-gi
who, in the day, sell millinery, etc. and at night
semble in little cotillion parties, where they da
away the remembrance of their unfortunate co
try, and forget the miseries which "les amis
noirs" have brought upon them.

ould not like the gloss were past,
et want it not entirely new;
bright and strong enough to last
bout—suppose a week or two,

rever frail, however light,
ill do, at least, to wear at night:
so you'll tell our black-ey'd *Caty*—
loving, languid girl of Hayti!

---

rare malo cum Platone, quam cum aliis recte sentire." *Cicero.*

uld rather think wrongly with Plato, than rightly with any one else.

1802.

NY, my love, we ne'er were sages,
it trust me, all that Tully's zeal
ress'd for Plato's glowing pages,
l that, and more, for thee I feel!

ate'er the heartless world decree,
owe'er unfeeling prudes condemn,
ny! I'd rather sin with thee,
han live and die a saint with them!

SONG.

'ER on that lip for a minute have gaz'd,
it a thousand temptations beset me,
I've thought, as the dear little rubies you rais'd,
ow delicious 'twould be—if you'd let me!

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me;
They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun,
And I thought that—you could not but let me!

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,
Oh think how bewitching it met me!
And plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eye seem'd to say you would *let* me!

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain,
For in truth, if I go, you'll regret me;
Or, oh!—let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish—will you let me?

FROM THE GREEK.*

I've prest her bosom oft and oft;
In spite of many a pouting cheek,
Have touch'd her lip in dalliance soft,
And play'd around her silvery neck.

But as for more the maid's so coy,
That saints or angels might have seen us;
She's now for prudence, now for joy,
Minerva half, and half a Venus.

* Μαζυς χερσιν εχω, στοματι, στομα, δε περι δειρὴ
Ασχετα λυσσωων βοσκομαι αργυρεην·
Ουπω δ' αφρογενειαν ὁλεν ἑλον· αλλ' ετικαμων
Παρθενον αμφιεπον λειφον αναινομενην.
Ἡμισυ γαρ Παφιη, το δ' αρτιμισυ δωκεν Αθηνη·
Αυταρ εγω μεσσος τηκομαι αμφοτερων.

Paulus Silentiarius.

When Venus makes her bless me near,
  Why then, Minerva makes her loth;
And—oh the sweet tormenting dear!
  She makes me mad between them both!

ON A BEAUTIFUL EAST-INDIAN.

If all the daughters of the sun
  Have loving looks and eyes of flame,
Go, tell me not that *she* is one—
  'Twas from the wintry moon she came!

And yet, sweet eye! thou ne'er wert given
  To kindle what thou dost not feel;
And yet, thou flushing lip—by heaven!
  Thou ne'er wert made for Dian's seal!

Oh! for a sunbeam, rich and warm
  From thy own Ganges' fervid haunts,
To light thee up, thou lovely form!
  To all my soul adores and wants:

To see thee burn—to faint and sigh
  Upon that bosom as it blaz'd,
And be, myself the first to die,
  Amid the flame myself had rais'd!

To—— ——.

I know that none can smile like thee,
  But there is one, a gentler one,
Whose heart, though young and wild it be,
Would ne'er have done, as thine has done.

When we were left alone to-day,
  When every curious eye was fled,
And all that love could look or say,
  We might have look'd we might have said:

Would *she* have felt me trembling press,
  Nor trembling press to me again?
Would *she* have had the power to bless,
  Yet want the heaat to bless me then?

Her tresses too, as soft as thine—
Would *she* have idly paus'd to twine
Their scatter'd locks, with cold delay,
While oh! such minutes pass'd away,
As heaven has made for those who love?
  For those who love, and long to steal
What none but hearts of ice reprove,
  What none but hearts of fire can feel!

Go, go—ān ag[illegible]ulgar years
  May now be pin'd, be sighed away,
Before one blessed hour appears,
  Like that which we have lost to-day!

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
  Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
  That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"'Tis late my love!" and chide delay,
  Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy too the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,

* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "at night" written over him.

With those we love exchang'd at night!
At night, what dear employ to trace,
In fancy, every glowing grace
That's hid by darkness from the sight;
And guess by every broken sigh,
What tales of bliss the shrouded eye
Is telling from the soul at night!

TO ——.

I OFTEN wish that thou wert dead,
And I beside thee calmly sleeping;
Since love is o'er and passion fled,
And life has nothing worth our keeping!

No—common souls may bear decline
Of all, that throbb'd them once so high;
But hearts that beat like thine and mine,
Must still love on—love on or die!

'Tis true, our early joy was such,
That nature could not bear th' excess!
It was too much—for life too much—
Though life be all a blank with less!

To see that eye so cold, so still,
Which once, oh God! could melt in bliss—
No, no, I *cannot* bear the chill;
Hate, burning hate were heaven to this!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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